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LAST YEAR'S NEST.

BY E. NESBIT.

Yes, kiss my forehead, where the pain
Seems grinding outward from my brain!
But will not pity teach you, too,
To kiss these lips no fire burns through?
These cheeks, made colorless and thin
By years you had no portion in?
These weary eyes that wake and ache?
Not for your sake—not for your sake!
Kiss, child, and let your kisses see
If they can find the heart in me!
There is a heart—or used to be!

I think the pain is growing less
Under your passionless caress.
Ah! could you teach my lips to crave
But just such kisses as you gave,
And could you, treading my life's ways,
But lay those ghosts of dear dead days
That walk my world by day and night,
And bar the way of all delight—
It at your touch should waken . . . Vain
From Heaven itself my soul would plain—
"Give me my ghosts, my ghosts again!"

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

LUCY was not at all satisfied in her own mind with this arrangement, but thought she would leave any further argument until Doctor Maurice called in the afternoon; for she felt certain he would strongly deprecate Mrs. Richmond being left, even for a short time.

As fate willed it, however, that afternoon he could not come, having been called to a serious case at some distance, but sent a messenger, saying he would be there on the following morning.

"How unfortunate!" thought Lucy. "Had he been here, she must have given way."

All day Mrs. Richmond seemed greatly unsettled and restless; and Lucy began to fear the excitement of her husband's return would throw her back again.

"Nevertheless I am thankful he is coming," she told herself; "somehow I feel such a weight of responsibility on me since that dreadful night. I would give a great deal that he were here safely now. How strange it seems for me to be longing for Edgar Richmond's presence! Three months ago I should have declared such a state of feeling on my part to be impossible.

At night, when they went up-stairs, she again tried to induce her friend to let her remain with her.

"I will go directly I hear him coming, if you don't want him to find me here."

"No, my dear; I would much prefer you did not," Mrs. Richmond said somewhat testily. "Don't argue with me, child; I feel hot and restless as it is."

"Then I will say no more," replied Lucy sadly—"only I do not like going."

"Good night," said Mrs. Richmond; "Heaven bless you, and make you as happy as you deserve, my kind unselfish little friend!"

Lucy, after kissing her warmly and wishing her good night, left the room.

"Now," she declared to herself, "I will not go to bed until Mr. Richmond arrives; I shall be sure to hear him if I listen; I will lie down outside my bed, but I will not close my eyes."

But, although Lucy struggled bravely against the almost overwhelming sensation of sleep that oppressed her by getting up and walking about the room whenever she found that she had almost succumbed to it, ultimately tired nature asserted itself; she gave in, and, when daylight crept into the room she lay upon her bed sleeping soundly.

She awoke suddenly, unrefreshed, with an uneasy sense of something wrong to find Emily, the housemaid, standing by her bed. The first glance at the girl's scared white face completely aroused her.

"Emily, how you startled me! What is the matter?"

"I don't know miss," replied Emily, in a low awed tone; "but Fanny and I are dreadfully frightened."

"What at? For Heaven's sake, tell me quickly!"

"Well, miss, we can't get misus to answer us, and we have been knocking at her door for the last five minutes; I wonder you didn't hear us!"

"But has not Mr. Richmond returned?" inquired Lucy anxiously.

"No, miss, for see, here is a letter in his hand-writing which has just arrived; that was my reason for disturbing missus so early."

"Let us go to her at once," cried Lucy; perhaps she may be ill."

"Don't go in, dear miss, until Mrs. Mitchell comes; Fanny has gone to fetch her. Oh, I am afraid!" cried the girl, bursting into tears. "One of the dogs howled all night, and I said to Fanny, 'Somebody's spirit is passing now.'"

"Emily, Emily, don't be so superstitious!" said Lucy, a cold horror creeping over her; but she went no further than the door of Mrs. Richmond's room, and there they stood and waited, trembling and listening intently.

In a minute Mrs. Mitchell hurried up, followed by Fanny and the cook.

"We had better knock again," she said, in a terrified whisper; "perhaps she may be awake now."

Lucy knocked loudly on the panel of the door; but there was no response, and the five frightened women huddled closer together for sympathy and support.

"Open the door a little, and speak to her, Miss Lucy; maybe she doesn't hear us, she is so deaf."

With a trembling hand, Lucy turned the handle of the door and opened it a few inches; as she did so, a perceptible shudder ran through the group.

"Mrs. Richmond," she called in a low voice, strangely unlike her usual one, "may I come in? Here is a letter for you."

They waited for an instant, breathless with anxiety; but still the awful silence was unbroken. Lucy looked blankly at her companions, with her lips quivering.

"We must go in; she is evidently ill."

"Then I must be the first," replied Mrs. Mitchell. "Heaven help us, I fear we shall see a sad sight!"

Summoning all her resolution, the old woman pushed the door and entered, followed closely by the four trembling girls. She advanced firmly to the bed, drew the curtains aside, and then uttered a cry of anguish. There lay Mrs. Richmond dead, with such an agonised expression of terror on her poor face that it filled the spectators with pity as well as horror and grief.

"Come away, children!" said Mrs. Mitchell. "Draw the curtains; this is no sight for young eyes. My poor, poor mistress!" And then she burst into loud sobs, the three servants joining in hysterically.

Lucy, who had sunk into a chair at the foot of the bed, alone was dry-eyed. She felt a tight choking sensation in her throat, but could find no relief in her tears. As she sat, starting in front of her, communing and wrestling with her hard spirit, suddenly her eyes fell upon two objects which enchained and fascinated them. For an instant she sat in motionless horror, then awakening to full intelligence in a moment, and uttering a piercing scream, she threw herself upon her knees and grasped them in her hand.

"Good Heavens, dear Miss Lucy," cried Mrs. Mitchell, thinking it was an hysterical attack, and hurrying towards her, "don't give way like this!"

To their astonishment, she sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with excitement.

"Come close to me, all of you. Mrs. Mitchell, don't let one of them leave the room."

"No, no, dear miss; we are all here!"

"See—see what I hold in my hand!"

The women pressed round her.

"Why, it's master's pencil-case!" declared Fanny.

"And this?" continued Lucy.

"That looks like a lock of red hair. Where can it have come from? What does it mean?"

"It means," cried Lucy, groaning with anguish, "that your poor mistress has been murdered!"

"Murdered!" exclaimed every one.

"Yes, cruelly murdered!"

"But by whom?"

"By her husband."

"Oh, dear Miss Lucy, think what a dreadful thing you are saying!" cried Mrs. Mitchell, fearing for her reason. "What proof can you have of what you say?"

"These!" replied Lucy harshly.

"But what do they amount to? Master no doubt left his pencil-case with missus."

"I am certain he did not; I saw him put it into his pocket just before he left the house. I told him the ring was thin; and, see, it has broken through here in this very room. Providence has ordered it so that this terrible crime may be brought home to him. The red hair I do not understand at present—I suspect it is part of some disguise that he has used; but no doubt an explanation will come."

"But what ought we to do?" inquired Mrs. Mitchell; her ruddy face pale with horror.

"I cannot think. Let us send for Doctor Maurice at once and take his advice. But one thing I implore you all to promise me, by the love you bore your poor mistress; and that is that you will keep the secret of her death faithfully until Doctor Maurice arrives. I am certain in my own mind that a fearful crime has been committed here; but I cannot convince you by myself; he will help me when he comes. Now, Mrs. Mitchell, will you promise?"

"Indeed I will!" cried Mrs. Mitchell, on whom Lucy's resolute tone had produced a great effect. "Oh, Miss Lucy, I begin to fear you are clearer-sighted than we are! My poor, poor mistress!"

"Emily, Fanny, and Harriet, you will do the same, will you not? You all loved your mistress."

"Ay, that we did! We've lost our best friend," cried Emily, the spokeswoman. "As Mrs. Mitchell has done so, I promise too."

"And I," "And I," said the two others solemnly.

"Now two of you go and fetch Doctor Maurice. Don't wait for him; merely leave word that he is wanted here at once; and, Mrs. Mitchell, lock up this fearful room, and let me go away and think."

The old woman did as she was directed, looking at Lucy with a sad questioning expression, and then followed the weeping servants down-stairs, shaking her head mournfully.

"Poor Miss Lucy!" she thought. "I wish she could cry; it's not natural for to take it so hard like; I fear me she will give way soon. I shall be thankful to see Doctor Maurice."

Meanwhile, Lucy was walking up and down her room, endeavoring to calm herself, to think rationally of the fearful occurrence that had taken place, and to find some method of elucidating the mystery. That Richmond had been in the house during the night she was perfectly convinced, and that he had in some way hastened the death of his wife was also a foregone conclusion; but beyond that everything was dark and obscure.

"Thank Heaven, I have a friend near me!" she thought. "I should go mad in this terrible trouble if I had no one to consult. How hard it seems not to have time to mourn for one who I am sure loved me dearly! But I must plan and think, and, when he is brought to justice, there will be time to grive—the cruel, heartless treacherous wretch!" she said to herself. "Heaven grant me strength to go through with it!"

After bathing her aching, burning brow, she went down into the breakfast-room to wait for Doctor Maurice, taking with her Richmond's letter to his wife, the pencil-case, and the mysterious lock of red hair.

CHAPTER VII.

In a very few minutes Doctor Maurice came into the room.

"What is it?" he asked hurriedly. "Is she worse?" And then, catching sight of Lucy's pale worn face, he stopped suddenly. "Heavens! What has happened?" he cried. "Is it you that are ill; tell me, tell me what it is."

At the sound of his kind voice, Lucy's strength utterly forsook her, and she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"My darling," he cried, forgetting everything but that she was suffering, and that he loved her, "tell me your trouble! I love you so dearly that I would devote my whole life to your happiness if you would let me."

"Oh, hush, hush, for pity's sake!" Lucy cried, shrinking from him, and covering her face with her hands. "This is not the time to think of ourselves!"

And then she told him, with many breaks, and in a tremulous tone, all that had occurred.

The Doctor's horror and indignation knew no bounds, for he agreed unhesitatingly with Lucy in suspecting Edgar.

"Let me see the pencil-case and hair," he said.

Now, although Lucy had mentioned the lock of hair to him, she had said nothing about the color; the pencil-case, in her opinion, being of so much more importance as evidence.

Directly his eye fell upon it, he started, and cried excitedly—

"Good Heavens! The ghost! This then is the explanation of it! Oh, the cruel cowardly villain!"

"What do you mean?" eagerly asked Lucy, for a moment bewildered by his manner.

"Do you not see? This man has impersonated the ghost; and, in order to still further terrify his unsuspecting victim, he has disguised himself by wearing red hair. You remember she told us, poor thing, that he was perfectly aware of her strange morbid antipathy?"

"Then the sound I heard in the passage is explained."

"Certainly it is!"

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Lucy. "How are we to bring it home to him? Help me, Doctor Maurice; pray think for me."

"I will do my very utmost to help," he said gravely, "not only for your sake, but for the sake of justice; only you must trust me implicitly and believe I would give my life to save you from pain and sorrow. In the first place," he continued, "I must go up-stairs to the room with Mrs. Mitchell, and in a few minutes I will rejoin you here."

When he returned his face was pale, and wore a very serious expression.

"She evidently died in a fit, poor creature, induced by excessive terror. She must have suffered horribly at the last. Now," he said to Mrs. Mitchell, who had followed him into the room, "let me see the servants; I wish to speak to them." When they were all assembled he said, "I have just been to see the body of your poor mistress, and I have no doubt whatever that her death was occasioned by an awful fright of some kind. You all know how ill she was a few days ago, after having seen, as she believed, a ghost. I said at the time, should anything of the sort occur again, I believed that the consequences would be very serious. Now I am firmly persuaded that no ghost ever appeared to your mistress; but that your master, for some wicked reason of his own, disguised himself by wearing red hair, and so succeeded in frightening her to death."

"But, sir," said Emily respectfully, "if master was here last night, how could we have received a letter from him this morning dated from Boulogne?"

"That I cannot understand at present; and, as I don't feel at all able myself to solve this terrible mystery, I am going to telegraph at once to Scotland Yard; and in a few hours a detective will be here. Until he comes, keep as silent as you have been about your mistress's death, and be particularly careful not to mention it to any of the out-door men-servants."

When they had left the room, the Doctor asked Lucy to break the seal and read the letter.

"We may learn something from it," he said.

It was to this effect—

"My dearest Wife,—I am awfully sorry I am prevented from coming this evening; I am so afraid you will have been anxious. But the fact is it is almost impossible for me to leave for a few days, unless I make up my mind to lose everything. Of course, if Miss Starr were not with you, I should come, notwithstanding this; but, as it is, I think it would be weak to do so. Write at once, as I am very anxious for news of you. In great haste,

Your very loving EDGAR."

"I suppose there is no doubt this is Richmond's handwriting?" inquired Doctor Maurice.

"Yes, I am certain of that."

"Well, it is no use our bewildering our brains unnecessarily. I will telegraph to Scotland Yard immediately, and we must be guided by what the detective will advise. I will return in the afternoon, and, in the meantime, you must try to keep as quiet and cool as you can, and have Mrs. Mitchell to sit with you. Good-bye for a few hours."

He pressed her hand, looked lovingly and pityingly at her, and then left the room.

All day Lucy remained alone, restless and miserable; she did not send for Mrs. Mitchell, as she felt the old woman's garrulous lamentations would be more than she could bear.

Every now and then the remembrance of Doctor Maurice's words and manner broke through the gloom; but she would not allow herself any comfort, and resolutely turned her thoughts in another direction.

In this way the dreary day passed until late in the afternoon Doctor Maurice arrived; and an hour after, the detective, Mr. Jobson, was announced.

Jobson was a quiet keen looking man, with a very soft pleasant voice. He was quite unaware of the particulars in the present case. Doctor Maurice's telegram merely stating that a clever detective was wanted at Fernhurst at once.

He listened respectfully, and with a most sympathetic expression to the story; and after reflecting a moment, said—

"I quite believe with you that Mr. Richmond was the cause of his wife's death; but at present we have no conclusive evidence against him."

"But how about the pencil-case and the lock of hair, Mr. Jobson? Surely they are very suspicious?"

"But suspicious circumstances are not sufficient, thank goodness, to justify a charge of murder. And then again, though, mind you, I myself feel convinced of the truth of what you say, and believe I shall find means of proving it, no jury would think anything of the pencil-case evidence. Miss Starr herself admits that the ring which held it to the chain was nearly worn through; what so likely, they would say, but that it fell off directly he left you, that Mrs. Richmond saw it, picked it up, and took it to her room? The lock of red hair is very much the more important evidence of the two, as that certainly indicates that some man was in her room that night. It is, you see," he said, as he examined it, "a portion of a theatrical beard with straight hair, which, as it has no foundation, has evidently been stuck upon the face with spirit-gum in different portions; the gum here has failed and the lock has fallen off. I have so many of these things that I can tell at once what they are. It is necessary in these cases," he continued, "does Mr. Richmond benefit pecuniarily by his wife's death? And did he seem attached to her?"

"I can answer 'yes' to both those questions," replied Lucy. "Mrs. Richmond had ten thousand pounds a year entirely at her own disposal, and I believe she has left it all to him. And he certainly seemed devoted to her."

"Ah, that makes it more difficult for us," remarked Jobson cheerfully; "but there was clearly a motive for wishing the poor lady dead. Now, sir, if you please, I should like to go up-stairs; and then, after that, to make a careful examination of the house and grounds. If we could find such a thing as a footprint, it would be worth anything to us as evidence; but I don't suppose we shall. He is evidently an artful fellow; those letters prove that."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Jobson! How do you account for them? They completely baffled us."

"Very likely," he answered drily; "but they are in reality easily seen through. He must have had a confederate at Boulogne. You say he told you not to expect answers to your letters for four days; that would just give them time to send them backwards and forwards. My firm impression is that he has never left England."

"Good heavens!" cried John Maurice. "What a horrible scheme."

"Yes, it's a very queer case," said Jobson gravely. "I don't know that I ever met a queerer. And now, sir, if you please, I am ready."

When they came back, Jobson looked unmistakably puzzled.

"I can't find a trace of any kind," he said. "I must go into the garden and smoke a pipe and think. In case any of the men see me," he added by way of caution, "you had better say Mrs. Richmond is worse, and I am a consulting physician come down from London. You can keep them out of the kitchen too by stating that the house must be quite quiet; for I am afraid, if you give the woman much chance of talking, the secret will not be safe. How they have kept it all this time I cannot imagine; they must be a very unusual sort of females; and it's of the utmost importance it should not be known, for I am very much mistaken if Richmond has ever left the neighborhood."

With that he went out, and Doctor Maurice and Lucy saw him pacing gravely up and down the garden for over half an hour.

Watching him silently, they at last saw him suddenly stop, then turn towards the house, and walk rapidly in their direction.

"He has hit upon something," remarked Doctor Maurice; and then they waited breathless with anticipation.

Jobson came in with a look of triumph in his eyes.

"I think I see my way clear now," he began, "though perhaps you and the young lady may object to the means we must employ. However my motto always is, 'Treachery should be met with treachery.'"

"But what do you want us to do?" asked Doctor Maurice eagerly.

"Why, this—and I see no other way of fixing it on him—for I suppose, sir, no doctor would hesitate to say Mrs. Richmond died from natural causes?"

"Certainly; I should have said so myself, had I not known of these suspicious circumstances."

"Well, then, our only chance is to get him to criminate himself; and I think that may be done in this way. You, Miss Starr, must write a letter to him saying that his wife is very much worse, in consequence of another appearance of the ghost, and that Doctor Maurice believes if any such thing should happen again, in her present shattered state of nerves, the result might be fatal. Then add that you are compelled to go home on Friday for a few days by the 5.30 afternoon train, and that Mrs. Mitchell is confined to her bed with acute rheumatism. You must urge him, in these circumstances, to return before night on Friday, as none of the younger servants will consent to remain in Mrs. Richmond's room, and she has absolutely refused to have a strange nurse."

"And what do you expect will be the result of this letter?" inquired Doctor Maurice.

"I firmly believe we shall have an answer from him, saying that he will arrive here shortly after Miss Starr has started; and then that he will come in the night, feeling sure that the coast is clear, to finish his fearful work. I propose further that Miss Starr should really leave by the 5.30 train, which stops at Meltham, five miles from here, taking her ticket for London, and that she should get out at Meltham, and return to this house by another direction."

"Well, and what then?"

"Then, sir, I advise that we should conceal ourselves in the bedroom at night and wait to see what may happen. Positively catching him in the act is the only chance I see of detecting him. The poor lady's body must be removed to another room."

"But why should Miss Starr really leave here?" Doctor Maurice asked.

"Because I expect he will watch in some way to make sure she is absent before he ventures here. I presume he had means of ascertaining that you were not in the room last night, Miss Starr?"

"By watching he could have seen the light in my room, and I sat at my window for some time before lying down on my bed. He might also have heard us saying good night if he had listened—everything was so still, and, the lower rooms not being lofty, the windows are not far from the ground."

"Then he probably waited until he felt sure you were safely asleep before he entered the house. Now what do you say to my plan?"

"But," cried Lucy, "it seems so degrading to spread such an awful trap! Cannot we do our dear friend justice without so much deceit and falsehood?"

"I can think of no other way," replied Jobson coldly. "Of course it would be pleasanter to go through the world without dissimulation of any kind; but society must be protected, and it seems in such a case as this that the end will quite justify the means. It would be straining honor to far to shield such a ruffian as this!"

"I must own I agree with Mr. Jobson," said Doctor Maurice gravely, "though I grieve from my heart that you should be mixed up in such a horrible affair."

"Then I will do as you wish," Lucy agreed, with a shudder. "I am sure you would not counsel anything you felt to be wrong; but you must tell me exactly what to say; I am quite incapable of collecting my thoughts."

Even Jobson looked at her with pitying interest as he said—

"It does seem hard on a young lady like you; but it cannot be helped; any one else writing would arouse Richmond's suspicions."

Lucy sat down, and, with a hand which she vainly endeavored to steady, at their dictation wrote the following letter—

"Dear Mr. Richmond,—Pray come home at once. Your poor wife is much worse. She had another attack last night, and was found this morning insensible. I am compelled to go home on Friday for a day or two, and Mrs Mitchell is ill in bed and cannot be moved. Let nothing prevent your coming before night, as all the young servants are so dreadfully nervous. They have positively refused to remain in Mrs. Richmond's room, and we cannot induce her to have a strange nurse. Doctor Maurice says another attack of the same sort would most likely prove fatal. I leave by the 5.30 train. I trust you will manage to be here before I start.

"In great haste, yours faithfully,

"LUCY STARR."

"Now," said Jobson, "I will wish you good-night. I will post this on my way to Lulmouth, and, if you should want me, you will find me at the Imperial Hotel; but I shall be round here early in the morning."

He bowed respectfully, and left them. For a few minutes they kept complete silence; and then Doctor Maurice said hesitatingly—

"Dear Miss Starr, I cannot go to-night without one word from you. I spoke impulsively this morning; had I known the dreadful trouble you were in, I would have waited; but now, having spoken, I cannot rest without some assurance from you. The happiness of my whole life hangs upon your answer. Ah, if you knew how deeply I love you, you would forgive me!"

"Oh, Doctor John," cried Lucy, bursting into tears, "don't press me for an answer now; it is disloyalty to my poor friend to think of myself now."

"But," persisted John gently, "may I speak to you again when brighter times have come for both of us, as please Heaven they will?"

"I feel as if I should never know a moment's peace again," sobbed Lucy; "but if ever I should," she murmured, "dear Doctor Maurice, you may speak."

"Heaven bless and comfort you, my darling!" he cried; and then, taking her hand and kissing it lovingly, he went away.

"How happy I might have been," thought poor Lucy; "but now a cloud has come over my life which nothing can dispel!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE three following days passed without incident, and then the eventful and anxiously looked-for Friday arrived.

As Jobson had predicted, a letter from Richmond came by the first post.

"Dear Miss Starr," it ran—"Your note inexpressibly shocked me. I shall be at Fernhurst by 6.30. I am sorry just to miss you; but I find I cannot arrange it differently. Give my fondest love to my poor dear wife, and believe me very truly your obliged, "EDGAR RICHMOND."

"Ah," said Jobson, when they showed it to him, "I was right so far!"

At five p. m. Lucy was driven to the station by the coachman, taking with her only a small bag by way of luggage. There was no one in the booking-office when she went for her ticket, and she took her seat in the train apparently unobserved. As the train moved out of the station however, a man came on the platform and stood and watched its departure. Leaning from the car window, she caught a glimpse of his face, and drew back shuddering. The face that she had seen was that of a stranger, but it had bright red hair and whiskers.

At Meltham she found Doctor Maurice waiting for her; and together they drove back to within half a mile of Fernhurst. Here John left the horse and trap with a farmer he knew, and they walked the rest of the way, without meeting any one on the road.

When they arrived at the house, they found the inmates in a state of painful excitement. Jobson had thought it right that they should all know what was about to take place, and, under his directions, everything had been prepared during Lucy's absence for the approaching crisis.

"Will you come up-stairs with me now, Miss Starr, and see that everything is as usual in the room?"

Lucy, accompanied by John, did as she was requested.

"Yes," she said, looking round with a shiver; "everything is in its place."

"But was the brandy-decanter there?" inquired Doctor Maurice. "I ordered that she was to have no more brandy."

"Nor did she while I was with her," replied Lucy, "though I don't think the decanter was moved from its position."

"I'm sure missus must have had some the last night, for the glass that stood by the decanter had been used," interrupted Mrs. Mitchell.

"Ah, then we will leave it as it is!"

The room had a large bay-window facing the foot of the bed; on the right was a small side window, and on the left the door.

Against the wall by the side of the smaller window, and immediately opposite to the side of the bed, was a wardrobe with a large looking-glass door, which opened in towards the room.

"Ought not that to be shut?" inquired Jobson, alluding to the door of the wardrobe.

"It will swing open," replied Mrs. Mitchell; "there is something wrong with the spring. Master took the key with him by mistake, and poor missus did not think it was worth troubling him to send it. It stood open like that on the awful night; I remember it distinctly when we came in in the morning."

"Then by all means leave it so. Now let us draw these curtains and have everything in readiness."

In the bay-window stood the dressing-table; a curtain on a straight pole shut all this in at night, leaving a space behind sufficient to conceal two or three watchers.

"When I have made two or three slits in the curtain, we shall be quite prepared," remarked Jobson.

He took out his pocket-knife and cut a few ragged holes at a convenient height from the ground; they would be quite unnoticeable in the dim light, but any one cold see distinctly through them what was taking place.

"Now," he said, we can do no more; we must go down-stairs and keep as quiet as we can until twelve o'clock; that will be the time, Doctor, for us to take up our positions here."

"Lucy dear," whispered John, when the long dragging hours had brought them to half-past eleven, "you must leave us now. Go to Mrs. Mitchell, dear; send the servants to their rooms, and order them to extinguish all the lights except those in the passages."

"John," replied Lucy—in her agitation she did not notice that she called him by his Christian name—"I cannot leave you—I must share your watch, or I shall go mad."

"My darling, it is impossible. Your nerves are overstrained as it is—you could not stand it."

"I can bear anything with you by me. I should go mad with Mrs. Mitchell. I should picture what was taking place over and over again, until the suspense and uncertainty would drive me mad!"

"What are we to do?" John asked in dire perplexity. "It would not be right that she should be present."

"Nevertheless I am afraid we shall have to let her," answered Jobson, in a low tone. "She is evidently working up for an attack of hysterics, and if she should have one, she may upset everything. You'd better let her have her own way; she'll be quiet enough then. I'll answer for it."

"Lucy, my dearest, I am afraid you are trying yourself beyond your strength."

"No," declared Lucy firmly, "I am not. I shall not suffer nearly so severely in that awful room with you as I should shut up in ignorance of what is going on."

Jobson then sent for Mrs. Mitchell, and gave her strict directions how to proceed.

"You had better," said Jobson, "sit in the room with the younger servants yourself, so as to insure perfect quiet—the least sound might be very dangerous."

Mrs. Mitchell did her best to persuade Lucy to accompany her; but her expostulations and pleadings were quite unavailing; and a minute or two afterwards they heard her marshalling the servants up the long flight of stairs. Little by little their footsteps died away in the distance, and all was silent again.

"Now," said the detective, in a low awed tone, "it is time. You go up first, Doctor, with Miss Starr; and I will follow directly I have turned out the lights."

They ascended the stairs softly without speaking a word, Jobson joining them as they reached the room. Candles were burning when they entered; but Jobson, after lighting a night-light, put them out.

The curtains of the bed, an old-fashioned four-poster, were arranged in their customary order—closed at the side nearest the door, and at the foot, and open towards the side-window for the sake of the air. A small table, on which were the night-light, brandy-decanter and water-bottle, stood by the curtained side of the bed.

"Take a chair into the recess for Miss Starr, for we can't tell how long we may have to wait," whispered Jobson, "and let us conceal ourselves at once; it is close on twelve o'clock."

Stepping noiselessly across the floor, their hearts palpitating painfully, they entered the bay-window, the detective carefully closing the curtains after them. Lucy sat down at once, and John took up his position close by, with his arm on the back of her chair.

"And now not a word!" said Jobsom impressively.

For half an hour they waited, listening intently, chilled to the very soul by the solemnity and horror of the situation; but not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night, save the wind which moaned faintly among the trees and the ticking of the clock upon the mantelshelf.

As the time crept on, Lucy's heart sank lower and lower. She was stifling behind the heavy curtains; and, when she looked through them into the deserted room, with its dim wavering light, the oppression that was upon her was almost more than she could endure. She felt a strong desire to break the horrible stillness by speaking; but, when she looked at her companions,

her lips were sealed. So set and motionless were the pale faces that were indistinctly visible to her that, but for their smothered anxious breathing, they might almost have been dead men—so still were they.

Another half-hour passed in silent watching.

"I cannot bear this much longer," thought Lucy; "the beating of my heart is choking me. Would to Heaven I had listened to John and stayed away! Perhaps they would let me go now. I will beg them to do so."

Turning her head with the evident intention of speaking, she felt John clutch her shoulder convulsively, and looking up, saw Jobson with his finger on his lips to enforce silence, and a new and aroused expression of interest in his eye.

Then he became aware of a soft shuffling sound, which came slowly, slowly along the passage, until it reached the door of the room in which they were concealed; and there it stopped.

With an almost insupportable tension of the nerves, the three watchers fixed their straining eyes upon the handle and saw it gently revolve, the door noiselessly open, and the figure of a man in a long black cloak glide into the room.

For an instant it stood, evidently listening, and then closed the door. After taking two or three stealthy steps, it stopped again, and looked narrowly around the room.

All this time they had been unable to distinguish the face, as the figure was between them and the dim light, and, moreover, wore a large slouching black hat.

Apparently satisfied that all was safe, the figure removed its hat, placing it carefully on a chair at the foot of the bed, and then crept towards the table at the side.

As it bent over the table from the back, the face was, for the first time, turned towards the concealed witnesses, who felt a cold shudder run through them as they gazed long and fixedly at the fearful and scarcely human countenance which, even through its horrible disfigurement, Lucy recognized as that of Edgar Richmond.

The face, which, with the light focussed upon it, stood out in startling contrast with its dusky surroundings, was utterly pallid; and the large eyes, looking out of cavernous black hollows, with the light reflecting in them, glittered with a cruel purpose.

The eyebrows were bushy and of the same color as the ghastly red hair, which, parted smoothly from the white forehead, fell lank and heavy on the shoulders.

So vivid was the red of the hair that it increased the pallor of the face, and gave it almost a corpse-like appearance. A small straight beard completed as awful and supernatural a disguise as could well be imagined.

"The fiend!" thought Doctor Maurice. "And this is what that poor, susceptible, nervous woman awoke to, to see standing at the foot of her bed!"

Richmond's next action puzzled them all. He took up the brandy decanter, and appeared to be attentively calculating the quantity in it.

After considering for a moment he evidently arrived at some conclusion, for he set the bottle down, carefully withdrew the stopper, and, after again pausing to listen, took out of an inner breast-pocket a small paper packet.

The horrified beholders then saw a white powder cautiously poured into the decanter.

This was so utterly unexpected by them all that Lucy would have shrieked aloud had not John caught her in his arms and placed his hand tightly over her mouth. Almost fainting, she remained clinging to him.

This movement on their part had caused a slight sound, and they saw the guilty wretch start, and tremble in every limb; great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, and his wicked mouth worked convulsively as he stood glaring in the direction of the sound he had heard.

John and Lucy could hardly believe he had not seen them, so concentrated was his gaze; and hiding her face in John's shoulder, she shut out any more of the fearful sight.

In a minute or two the deep silence seemed to reassure the poisoner, and he restoppered the bottle, and put the paper which had contained the powder back into the pocket whence it had been taken. Then, wiping the moisture from his face, Richmond stole across the room again, and stood at the foot of the bed with his back to them.

The two men—Lucy being by this time almost insensible—now saw him take something from his pocket, which he was for a minute or so arranging, and then deliberately fling back the curtains and stand fully revealed.

The next instant they were almost dazzled by a strong concentrated light which was reflected in the looking-glass door of the open wardrobe.

In a moment their eyes became accustomed to it, and in the glass they saw something that made them, strong men though they were, tremble and gasp like frightened children.

Richmond held in his hand a dark lantern with an unusually strong reflector. He had managed that the light should be turned full upon his face and head, leaving the rest of his figure in obscurity.

But his face—words fail to describe the ghastly horror of it. The eyes, showing the whites distinctly, glared straight before them, the tongue protruding from the mouth, and the whole aspect was that of a corpse-like gibbering maniac.

For a short time he maintained the fearful distortion, and then an expression of doubt crossed his face, and he leaned forward and peered into the dim light, the glare of the lantern in his eyes evidently making it difficult for him to see.

His next movement was to throw the stream of light upon the bed. And then, in one awful moment, he seemed to realize the trap that had been laid for him, for, uttering an imprecation, he dashed the lantern to the floor and turned to escape, only to be confronted by Doctor Maurice and Jobson.

He made one wild effort to pass them, and then seeing that resistance would be quite useless, sullenly and silently gave in.

Lucy had fallen heavily to the ground directly John relinquished his hold of her. Jobson kept guard over the murderer that night, and the next morning he was handed over to the custody of the police.

At the inquest the medical evidence showed that, although the deceased lady did not absolutely die of the subtle poison that had been administered to her, her end had been hastened by its means.

The contents of the brandy decanter having been analysed, it was found that the poison used had been one that would in time destroy life; and it was evident in this case it had been selected from others of greater potency on account of being a powerful brain irritant.

Detectives being sent to Boulogne, they soon discovered Evans, the man-servant, who had been living there as Mr. Richmond, and who, in the hope of saving himself from punishment as an accomplice, turned Queen's evidence, and revealed the whole structure of the horrible plot.

As Jobson had conjectured, Richmond had never left England, but had been staying at a small town some few miles from Fernhurst, disguised and under an assumed name.

The poison had been administered in the first instance in the effervescing drinks, and this was the explanation of Lucy's illness and Richmond's outburst of temper when they were disapproved by Doctor Maurice.

Evans also admitted that the plot was organized before the marriage of the unfortunate lady, and that the purchase of the haunted house was the first step on the path of the fearful step that was pursued with so much fiendish ingenuity to the end.

It was never known how Richmond effected his entrance to the house, as he obstinately refused to give any information whatever; and to the last, even after the death sentence had been passed upon him, not a word of contrition could be got from him.

Lucy, by a merciful intervention of Providence was spared the last scenes of this terrible tragedy, for at the time of the trial, she was prostrate on a bed of sickness, and quite unable to give any evidence.

Many times in after-life she gave thanks to Heaven that she had not been compelled to appear against the wretched culprit.

John Maurice devoted himself to her, and at the end of many months, was rewarded by seeing her completely restored to health, though it was very long before she regained her cheerful happy nature.

On reading Mrs. Richmond's will, it was found that she had left her property unconditionally to her husband, with the exception of an annuity to Mrs. Mitchell; but a codicil, written a few days before her death, willed one thousand pounds a year to her dear friend Lucy Starr, and, after her, to her children.

Richmond's money went to swell the public coffers; but Lucy's enabled her to marry John Maurice, whose income was a very small one, about a year after.

They have led a very happy, useful life since then, and are beloved by all who come into contact with them; but it is doubtful if Lucy will ever again be as light-hearted as she was before she knew poor Mrs. Richmond, and was the means of avenging her death by her discovery of the LOCK OF HAIR.

[THE END.]

HONEST BORROWERS.

THE literal signification of the word "borrower" being "one who asks a loan with the intention of returning it," to qualify the idea with any suggestion of non-repayment may appear ill-judged. Yet it will scarcely be denied that there are those who request temporary accommodations without the slightest intention of ever repaying them.

These are in plain terms "dishonest borrowers." But it not to them we would direct our attention. It is to that other class distinctly divided into three branches, viz., the amateur," professional," and the "social." It is the last only we have now to remark upon.

The social borrower is honest, and is no stranger to any of us. Always welcomed by some, by others she is looked upon as an insufferable; a person to be avoided whenever it is possible, and her claims ignored as often as can be. She calls at all hours, asking the favor of the use of your friends, servants, money, carriage, books, games, dress, cooking utensils, prescriptions, and recipes; in fact, anything and everything you possess she in turn, requires.

"Would you mind lending me so-and-so for a couple of days?" "I know you will let me have this, and the other, for a time." "You are always so glad to be useful." These and similar formulas she employs for her purpose.

"Dear Mrs Brown," who really is ever desirous of obliging—thereby ignoring that "he who lendeth to all that will borrow shows great goodwill but little wisdom"—is despoiled of to-day her "bodice" to the very costume she was to have worn at the fete next week. "Your dresses are excellent patterns, they fit me so well," is urged by our "social borrower." To-morrow maybe it is a "preserving pan." "You shall have it again before you are ready to make the apricot jam" is promised. But neither reappears. So, too, with a "volume," the loss of which just spoils a set, or a "book" this it is impossible to replace. It has quite escaped the memory of the "borrower."

She will "be sure and remember it," but she never does. She is reminded again and again at intervals, with the final result that she feels injured at your imagining she "ever had such a thing belonging to you."

The truth is, the "social borrower," being in the habit of having a continual supply of artic.es not her own, really forgets whose they are; or perhaps she leaves town hurriedly, and thus omits to restore what was lent, and, if remembered after the lapse of months or years, is ashamed to recall her remissness.

Yes, the "social borrower" is rarely systematic in the matter of returns. Still, she is honest, for in borrowing she had no intention of permanently retaining, and oftentimes, to the best of her belief, she has only what is her own.

Then there are the delightful people who press loans upon the "social borrower." They feel honored if she will "use or copy" anything they may possess. "Imitation," in their eyes "is the surest flattery." They beg her to let their cook come and make certain dishes, "so much enjoyed" at their last dinner party; they insist upon driving her or sending for her wherever she may require to go; they entreat her to employ their dressmaker, trades-people, and charwoman.

Thus we see the "social borrower" is not without temptations. Little wonder is it if, with favors thrust upon her, added to a penchant for accepting, that she becomes the unintentional purloiner of other folks' goods.

The "social borrower" frequently forgets her "purse," or is "without change." She would not for the world accept as a present the smallest coin or even a penny stamp but a temporary advance, under the circumstances, is unhesitatingly asked for and as readily given.

With equal readiness does the occurrence vanish from the mind of the one obliged. It is no intentional debt, therefore quite honest. An oversight of this kind may be inconvenient, but is not to be met with severe censure.

The lenders who suffer mostly are those who are always careful to "pay what they owe, that they may know what is their own." To them this "half loan, half gift" principle is positive agony. Delicacy of feeling prevents their asking for the return of a loan: indeed, every care is taken not to hint that aught is owing, as to the sensitive individual, the apology which is sure to follow is most unpleasant.

Again, others who are prompted by good nature, or who are too meek to refuse a request see their favorite songs borrowed and sung before their own special audience, or their "particular friend" monopolised, their guests weaned away for the summer months. Croquet, tennis, archery, are all borrowed at the same time, in order to provide amusement in the home of the "social" marauder.

In the homes of the "social borrower" may be found the den of Cacus, but it is all honest accumulation. As to "baskets" and "shawls," they are too unimportant objects ever to receive the attention of the "social borrower," so she pays her evening visits unprovided with an extra "wrap;" goes for the express purpose of receiving some "dainty" for home consumption without ever a thing to fetch it in; satisfied that friends have always at hand "something they can lend."

Apart from any of these "honest borrowers," there is one who stands alone. She it is who, quietly and unobserved, is the plagiarist of your "thoughts" and "ideas." A new design, a new patent, a new plan for "entertaining," mentioned in her presence, is unsafe. Your latest conceived "plot" for a novel is adapted by her into a play; your last ballad converted into a waltz.

To all this and more the "honest borrower" subjects her victims unsuspectingly and with an innocence which forbids remonstrance. From such remorseless adaptations there is no redress. But it lies within our power to defend ourselves at other points by giving an "honest refusal" to an "honest demand." And yet, that few of us care to do, for the world is full of kindly spirits who love to lend assistance and supply the needs or others within possible limits. Though many cannot afford to give with "open hand and heart," there is scarcely one who would not desire the privilege of being "socially borrowed" from. So it remains only for the "honest borrower" to mend her ways—to be thoughtful, considerate, and punctual in her requests and practices: Then she may fairly lay claims to universal love and respect, and in her case shall the wholesome admonition, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," cease to have value.

Once more there is the "social borrower," who takes others' views of Faith, Hope, Charity, Nobility, Virtue, and Purity. Her motive is to fulfil the highest and best aims of life. In her we would see no change. She also is an "honest borrower."

E. A. D.

Bric-a-Brac.

TO KICK THE BUCKET.—A correspondent wants to know the origin of the term "kick the bucket," as a synonym for death or dying. He says he saw it used lately, and hence the query. The phrase originated from the habis of miners or well-diggers, when their work is done, kicking the bucket as a signal to be hauled up. So the dying man, his work being done, kicks the bucket to be hoisted into the upper world.

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.—At London and Bremen the longest day has sixteen hours; at Stockholm, Sweden, and Dantzig, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven hours; at St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, Finland, the longest day is twenty-one and a half hours, and the shortest two and a half hours; at Wardnuys, Norway, the day lasts from May 21st to July 23th without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.—The Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain no more than about 214 words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has five accents, the even, the raised, the calling, the lessened and the returning, which multiply every word into five; as difficult for an American to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French E. In fact, they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different tones which they give them, that the same character differently accented, signifies sometimes eighty or more different things.

IN THE NOSE.—An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials, such as green crystal, gold stones, a single and sometimes a great number of rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.—When Dante published his "Inferno," the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell. When the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus, took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity." It was a long while after publication that many readers were convinced that "Gulliver's Travels" were fictitious.

STEEL PENS.—Metallic pens are by no means the modern inventions generally supposed to be the case. References to metallic pens, indeed, go back to so distant a time as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And at Acosta a Roman metal pen has been found. It is a bronze pen slit in exactly the same fashion as the present steel pen. The Dutch invented a metal pen in 1717; but it was not until many years later that the hand-screw press which made the first cheap steel pen came into use. It is a curious fact that the most useful little article which a man carries bears in its name the history of the former kind of generally used pen, the quill. Although the penknife, however, has lost its original purpose, it is not called the nail-knife, or the small knife, or the pocket-knife, but always the pen-knife, having been for generations the instrument by which a man cut his quills.

ST. GEORGE.—St. George, the guardian saint of England, was a tribune in the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, with whom he was a great favorite; but complaining to the Emperor of his persecution of Christians, he was imprisoned, and finally beheaded, A. D. 287. It was not till the first Crusade that St. George was adopted as a warrior saint, and the patron of soldiers. Edward III., at the battle of Calais, 1349, joined to the name of St. Edward the Confessor—then termed England's guardian—that of St. George, and invoked the aid of both to his arms. Next year the Order of the Garter was established and named after St. George. Blue was the color of St. George's armor, and formerly people wore blue coats on that saint's day. The wild blue hyacinth is in bloom on April 23d, St. George's Day.

"On St. George's Day, when the sun is warm,
The wild bells sing the fields adorn."

WORK, pure and simple, however hard and however constant, is rarely the cause of impairment of health, if only common hygienic precautions be observed. It is the hurried and irregular meals, and still more hurried "pick-me-ups," which do the mischief. Monotony of work is, however, in the long run, as detrimental to intellectual vigor as is a monotonous diet to the digestive functions; but relief here is easily obtained by forcible diversion of energy during some part of the twenty-four hours into another channel. The statesman, exhausted by the responsibilities and cares of office, may seek recreation in the felling of timber, while the wood-cutter will take his in a book or paper, if he be wise.

A FAREWELL.

BY G. K.

Ah! leave me not! the light grows dim and faint,
And my weak spirit quails before the night.
Where shall I turn? to whom shall make my plaint?
Ah! leave me not alone to brave the fight.

Stay with me now, although I scarce can see,
For gathering mists of death, thy face and form;
Yet is thy presence comfort unto me,
Thy gentle voice a pledge of earth-love warm.

Reach me thy hand, that dying I may feel
Thy kindly clasp;—alas! I need it sore.
Say to me once again thou lovest me still,
Before I go away for evermore.

Would thou couldst go with me! I shrinking turn
From the Great Vale whose Shadow on me lies;
Would that my trembling soul from thee could learn
The first deep knowledge of death's mysteries!

Give me one kiss and bid me then good-bye;
Ah! I can feel thy tears upon my brow.
Weep not for me,—'tis not so hard to die;
Heaven's light is breaking on my spirit now.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

As he spoke the luncheon gong sounded through the quiet house, and Maud started at the sound, and trembled in a manner which showed Lord Dereham how nervous and shaken she was, but she recovered herself almost immediately, and led the way out of the room, while the earl, with one last lingering look at the beautiful pictured face smiling from the canvas, followed her down the shallow old oak stairway to the dining-room.

There was intense excitement in Berkeley when, on the afternoon of a chill November day, the news reached the town that Mr. Graeme had escaped.

At first the tidings were received with astonished incredulity, and something very like derision.

It was utterly impossible, people said, that any prisoner could make his escape from that grey old castle, no matter how great the assistance he received from without, but by-and-by it became evident that the assistance he had received had not been solely from outside, for it was whispered that a warder had also disappeared, and that no trace of either fugitive was forthcoming.

When the rumor became a certainty, when there could no longer be any doubt of its truth, there was considerable surprise expressed in all circles, and the opinion as to Graeme's guilt was an unanimous one.

If he were not guilty, if he were not afraid of the result of the trial, surely he would not have fled.

And as the days went by and no news of him came, no clue to his whereabouts was discovered, there was a somewhat general opinion that his friends were influential and respected, and managing to avoid suspicion had also managed his escape safely into another country.

Whether it was, as it may well have been, that the hue and cry after him was not a very energetic one, or that Captain Sinclair was not particularly anxious to receive back his prisoner, or that those in authority at Ilchester and Berkeley thought that, in such a case, the least said the soonest mended would be the wisest policy, or whether the pursuit was badly organized, was never determined; suffice it to say that though the local papers canvassed the matter well, and discussed it from every point of view, the days went by, the fugitive remained undiscovered, and the nine days' wonder became a thing of the past.

Other interests cropped up; there was an expected dissolution of Parliament, and a consequent general election, and poor Joe Kirby's death and Arnold Graeme's escape were forgotten by all except those immediately concerned, and even Maud's heart-sickening suspense and anxiety were somewhat lessened by her close attendance on her sister, who, just at this time, became alarmingly ill and required all her care and attention, while to Doctor Kinsley the escape of every prisoner from every prison in the United Kingdom was a matter of no moment in comparison with the health of his darling, who, whether she found the chill winds of winter too trying, or whether there were some other cause for the sudden failure of strength and energy, drooped her head like a flower beaten down by the storm, and had not strength or courage to rally.

It was noticed by the servants at Ivyholme, and talked of also in the servants' hall at the Castle, that Lord Dereham's inquiries about Miss Kinsley's health were at this time made by proxy, that he himself had only called once at Ivyholme since the escape of the prisoner from Ilchester Castle, and his household were quite ready to ascribe this to the fact that in all probability he was annoyed at Graeme's escape, and did not wish to let Gilbert and Maud Kinsley see his annoyance.

He himself had been far too deeply angered at his servant's sad death, and too anxious to bring the guilt home to its perpetrator, to be suspected of any complicity in the escape, and not one of the numerous household at Dereham Castle, except Nicholas, who had brought him there, knew that the gray-haired gentleman who was visiting their lord, and whose health was indifferent enough to oblige him to keep his room, was Arnold Graeme himself in propria persona.

Even if they had known it, there was scarcely one in the whole number who would have betrayed him, but the disguise, which Nicholas had journeyed to London on purpose to procure, was perfect enough to have deceived those who had known him intimately, while Graeme was really but very little known to them all, and his pretended illness kept him to his rooms, where Nicholas waited upon him, and where Lord Dereham spent much of his time.

The earl's manner to his guest was a mixture of frankness, cordiality and respect with a very large share of admiration. All his fierce jealousy of Arnold as Maud's fiance had died out of his heart; when he thought of him it was with a pity and compassion not untouched by tenderness which he did not himself understand, but which really proceeded from the thought which lurked in the recesses of his heart, that Maud's feeling for Arnold was not love but gratitude.

His closer and more intimate acquaintance with Graeme, however, taught Lord Dereham to know and appreciate the noble qualities which he undoubtedly possessed.

His life abroad may have been a careless one, given to pleasure and amusement and a large share of dissipation perhaps, but it had not destroyed the noble qualities which it had obscured, and his perfect unselfishness, his true nobility, were fully apparent to the earl.

They had many a long talk together in those gloomy days when they were waiting for a fitting opportunity for Graeme to leave England, and both men learned highly to esteem and respect each other, and to forget, for the time at least, that they both loved the same brown-eyed woman in the old ivy-mantled house yonder.

In all their talks, long and confidential as they were, there was one person they never mentioned, and that was Maud herself.

Perhaps it was because she was so constantly in their thoughts that her name never passed their lips.

They spoke sometimes, not often, of Gilbert and of Gwen, but never of Maud, although there was the gleam of her gold ring on Graeme's finger, and the thought of her was never absent for long together from his mind.

Gilbert had come to the Castle to see the friend who had borne and was bearing and had yet to bear so much for him, and the interview had been so painful a one, and Gilbert so overcome, that Arnold had forbidden him to repeat his visit, a prohibition which the young fellow, who hated suffering, willingly accepted and obeyed.

What had passed between them Lord Dereham never knew, but his guest had been paler and quieter than usual that evening, and from that day until the one when he left the Castle his manner had been even graver and sadder than it had been before.

It had been decided that it would be wiser for Graeme to delay his departure from England for a few days until the first heat of pursuit had subsided, and the earl had resolved to accompany him to Spain.

When, however, the day for the departure drew near, Lord Dereham interpreted the wistful yearning in the painter's sad grey eyes aright when he supposed it to mean a wish to see Maud once more.

They were sitting in the small upper sitting-room adjoining Arnold's bedroom one evening when, with some slight embarrassment, and a perceptible change of color in his dark cheek, Lord Dereham gently touched upon the wish which he had read in his friend's—they were friends now—sorrowful eyes, and as he proposed to make some arrangement which would make it possible for Maud to come to the Castle, a sudden, fierce gleam of love and pain brightened Arnold's eyes for a moment, then it died away, and left them grave and sombre again.

"You are very good," he said gently. "And you must not think I do not appreciate your kindness because I refuse it. No, she must not come; she has borne enough, poor child! We must try to spare her any pain we can."

"But would it not be more cruel still for you to leave England without seeing her?" Lord Dereham said gently. "Will she not suffer even more if you do so?"

Graeme shook his head with a very sad smile, which had a touch of bitterness in it.

"No," he answered steadily. "It might do so if she loved me."

"If she loved you!" the earl echoed, looking at him with a startled, incredulous glance.

"Yes, if she loved me," Arnold repeated, looking into the fire with a sad little smile on his lips.

"But does she not? Has she not proved it nobly, in spite of all?" Lord Dereham said hastily. "How can you doubt her love?"

"I do not doubt her gratitude or her truth," the painter said gently; "I do not doubt her love either, I only deny her love for me—it does not exist."

"But she is your promised wife?" exclaimed the earl, more and more puzzled.

"She thinks herself so; I do not," Arnold answered quietly, and then sat for a time silent, looking into the depths of the red coals glowing in the grate, and thinking, sorrowfully, that in all the pictures of the future he read there, there was not one which showed him a future blessed by Maud Kinsley's companionship and love.

The earl sat silent likewise; his heart was beating quickly, his pulses were throbbing with excitement; he was eager, excited, shaken by the words.

Presently Arnold glanced at him, and seeing that he was unobserved, let his gray eyes rest for a minute upon his face in thoughtful contemplation.

When he withdrew them, there had come between them and that handsome, eager face a mist of unshed tears.

He knew Lord Dereham loved Maud, and he felt that he was not one likely to sue in vain.

Apart from his name and rank, and great wealth and lofty station, he had all the gifts likely to attract a woman's eye and win her heart.

He was handsome, with a grave, dark beauty which Arnold himself, with a painter's instinct, admired greatly; he was gentle, with a manly gentleness which could not fail to attract and charm; he was good, true, generous, and he loved her.

Ah! Maud Kinsley would be more than woman if she resisted him.

And she would not, for Arnold's own love making him keen-sighted, had told him that the earl's love was returned, even it, as he thought, Maud herself was ignorant of the priceless gift she had given him.

He looked over frankly at Lord Dereham and broke the silence quietly then; there was no mist of tears before his eyes now.

After all, his sacrifice had been made to make Maud happy, and it must be freely and wholly made.

"Maud is not the first," he said gently, "who has mistaken gratitude for love, and she is not the first who will learn the error she has made. But, fortunately for Maud, she will leave it till it is too late to repair that error. Let me tell you how it was," he went on gravely. "I think you will easily understand. The night that your keeper was shot," he continued gravely, "on my return from Welford, Maud was alone in the drawing-room, and I told her how greatly I loved her. She did not refuse me definitely, she put me off, but I could see easily enough that she did not love me; later, in her difficulty about her brother, she came to me, as you know, and I—it was not much to do, for I am a lonely man, and sacrificed but little—I told her I would save him, by, if necessary, taking the guilt upon me. You know what followed. At the inquest, she, carried away, poor child, by her gratitude and her anxiety to set me right in the eyes of my accusers, said she was engaged to me, and when we met afterwards she insisted, poor sweet soul, on ratifying the engagement, but I never for a moment held her bound to me; she is as free as if we had never met, and I have told her so."

His voice faltered and sank, his eyes were dim as they looked into the glowing coals before him.

"That she is generous, and noble, and faithful enough to devote her life to my happiness, to repay, as she thinks, her brother's debt to me is undoubted; that she would come to me, stained and dishonored as I am in the world's eyes, and become my wife, I know well; but that I, loving her as I love her, should accept such a sacrifice at her hands, should go blight the life which it ought to be my glory to shelter from every ill, is as it would be for me to take a dagger and stab her to the heart, as impossible as it would be to go to the nearest magistrate—I suppose your lordship is he—and say, 'I am innocent; Gilbert Kinsley is guilty. Arrest him!'"

There was a long silence. Lord Dereham had leaned his head on his hand as he sat by the table, and shaded his eyes from the light. His face was grave, and moved, and earnest, and his hand a trifle unsteady. Whether she loved him or not, he owned freely that Arnold Graeme was worthy of her love.

"She gave me this little ring I wear," Arnold said, after a pause, "and I will keep it until I die; but it is no token of our betrothal, but a sign of friendship and faith. Some day when I am dead, she shall have it back again, until then it shall not leave me, but we—she and I—shall never meet again! When I parted from her the other day in the prison I knew it was for the last time!"

"But," the earl spoke suddenly, with an uncontrollable impulse, "but if she loves you?"

Their eyes met across the glow of the fire-light, the earl's questioning, eager—Arnold's infinitely weary, infinitely sad.

"If she loves me," he repeated with a slight and bitter smile. "Ah, Lord Dereham, does it need that I should tell you that a woman who loved me would not have accepted from my hands what she has accepted. In her innocence, poor child, and her ignorance, she has condemned me to a life of exile, to a burden of shame. She suffers in doing it, ah, yes, but a woman who loved me! Ask yourself, my lord, whether a woman who loved me would have condemned me to the life to which I freely go for the sake of the woman whom I love, but in whose heart I have awakened no other feeling but pity or gratitude; and these—these are not love."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The dark shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death was hovering over Ivyholme; soon very soon, the shadow would deepen and enfold the old red-brick, ivy-grown house with its darkness and gloom, and through that gloom a pure, sweet soul would wing its flight to that other land where there is no parting, or pain, or death. Gwen Kinsley was dying.

The year was dying also,—its last day had come; but its death was not calm, and peaceful, and beautiful but stormy and rebellious; and great flakes of snow were falling, and were caught up and whirled about by the stormy wind again and again before they sank to rest. The new year would dawn upon a white world clothed in beauty and spotless purity,—the white new year which Gwen would never see.

It was cold, and bleak, and stormy without but in Gwen's room all was bright, and warm, and cheerful; and strangely bright,—with an unearthly radiance, as it were,—was the lovely face lying back against the pillows; the cambric and lace against which it rested were hardly more colorless than it was, but it had lost the look of suffering which it had worn for so many long years, and it had gained a look of peace and rest it had not known before.

Gwen was fully dressed. She always insisted on leaving her bed and being dressed, and she was lying on a pretty invalid's couch drawn near the fire, which was burning cheerily. Maud, sitting on a low stool beside the sofa, was holding her sister's hand and looking wistfully at the pale, pure face on which such a sweet smile lingered.

There were alone. Doctor Kinsley had just left the room to hide the passionate, uncontrollable emotion he could not have repressed, strong as his motive was, and anxious as he was not to distress his daughter's last hours. For him, nothing, no trouble, could be so great as this one; to lose her whom he loved more dearly than aught else on earth; and this new wound seemed to re-open that other wound which had never quite healed, and bring with it all the pain he had suffered when Gwen's mother died, so long ago.

Gwen suffered little save from her extreme weakness, and she was very patient.

She knew the end was near, and though she grieved at leaving her father, and brother, and Maud, it may be that she was not very sorry that her release had come.

Life had been a hard struggle to her, although her near and dear ones had done so much to brighten it and make it happy; and there had been many an hour when she wearied of the fight, and longed to put down the weapons which tired her poor weak hands.

For the first time in her life Gwen was selfish, Maud said wistfully—she was glad when they were sorry.

Sorry! How weak the word seemed to express what Maud felt as she crouched by her sister's sofa, in the pretty, scented, fire-lit room, full of the fragrance of roses which had been sent from Dereham.

It seemed to the girl that life was over for her now; that the one gleam of brightness which had cheered it lately was fading.

What would she, Maud, do, she wondered, when the quiet invalid's room was empty? when there was no loved sister there to greet her with a smile, and let her sit quiet and silent if she wished it, without remonstrance, and who, if she saw the marks of recently shed tears on her face, asked no questions, but soothed her with her love and tenderness; for Gwen knew, from her own experience, and there is no better teacher.

"What are you thinking of, Gwen?" Maud said presently, breaking a long silence, during which her sister had been dreamily watching the red glow of the fire. "Are you finding pictures in the fire, like poor Lizzie Hexam, used to do?"

"Who is Lizzie Hexam, Maud?"

"Have you forgotten? Don't you remember the boatman's daughter in 'Our Mutual Friend'"? Maud said, trying to speak lightly. "How she used to sit reading her brother's fate in the fire. I don't think she was ever looking for her own, but always his."

"Then," said Gwen's weak voice, which low and faint as it was had not lost all its sweetness; "I think I must have been emulating Lizzie Hexam, for I have been reading my sister's fate in the fire."

"Not a very pleasant perusal, is it?" Maud said, with a little forced laugh: "a solitary fate it looks, does not it, Gwennie?"

"No, not at all a solitary one," Gwen replied, smiling, as she put her weak, thin hand on the golden head which rested against her. "A very happy one, Maud, my bright Queen Maud! Solitary a little at first perhaps, when she misses the sister to whom she has been so good, but after a little while I see before her a life so full, so happy, so blessed, that she will have nothing to wish for,—nothing!"

Maud shook the golden head as it lay against the soft white cashmere of her sister's gown.

"No life could be happy or perfect to me where you were not, Gwen!" she said unsteadily.

"You foolish child," Gwen said fondly, "the life I picture for you will be so perfect that it will not need your sister to add to its perfection; shall I tell you what I see in those red coals, dear?"

"If it will not tire you, Gwen!"

"It will not tire me, for nothing tires me now," Gwen said quietly; "let me tell you Maudie. Look into the red glow too, dear, and see if you can see the pictures as I draw them."

Maud's sad eyes rested for a moment on the fire, then came slowly back and dwelt upon her sister's face.

Gwen was smiling a little, and the red glow of the fire were reflected back in her lustrous dark eyes, which looked so much too large for her thin, pale face.

"I see a wanderer coming home after a long year's exile," she began softly, "bronzed and brown, and eager and welcomed, oh, so gladly welcomed to the state-

ly home of which he is master, and where he is greatly loved, and I see that to that wanderer the greeting and the welcome are incomplete without one smile and one welcoming look from a pair of dark eyes, which make all his life's sunshine. Do you know whose eyes those are, Maud?" she queried softly, as she touched the girl's eyelids lightly with her thin fingers.

"That is the first picture I see," Gwen went on gently. "It is a pleasant one, for the exile gets the smile and greeting he has been longing for, and his home-coming is a very happy one. But the next picture is still pleasanter."

"Gwen, dearest, you are tiring yourself; you are talking too much," Maud remonstrated tenderly.

"No, dear," Gwen said quietly, "let me go on. If you knew—oh, Maudie, if you knew how pleasant those pictures are to me!"

"What is the next then, dear?" Maud asked tremulously, seeing that it pleased her sister to continue to give expression to her pretty fancies.

"In the next I see the old parish church; there is a table on the wall bearing my name just beside mother's Maud—over the pew where you and father sit on Sunday—and the church is all decorated with flowers, and the organist is playing some glad, sweet music, glad and solemn at once, and the pews are all full of people eagerly expectant, and at the communion rails, waiting with a glad light in his eyes, is he who was an exile for so long, and from his face all the sadness has vanished. And presently the glad light deepens even more, and all the congregation rise, as the bride, for whom he is waiting, comes in in all her glory of satin and lace; and there is the sweet fragrance of orange blossom in the church: and the bride's face is a beautiful one—your face, Maud—and the bridegroom's is—need I tell you whose, Maudie?"

"You must, if you wish me to know," Maud said gently.

"Must I? Will it not be enough if I tell you he is tall and dark, and handsome, and proud, and gentle, and lord of a great castle and a wide park? Must I say also that his name is Ivor Berke, and that he is the Earl of Dereham?"

The color flames up in Maud's pale cheek for a moment, she has not seen Lord Dereham for a year, but his name is powerful to move her, even yet.

"How do you like the picture, Maudie?" Gwendoline said very gently, after a little silence.

"It is an unlikely one, Gwen."

"I hope not, I believe not," Gwen said quickly. "Maud, dear, he loves you so well, and this long year he has been banished from his home for your sake. When he comes back, dear, make him welcome, and make him happy. I have so prayed for your happiness and his!"

Maud turned her burning lips to the frail hand she held; it was cold in hers, and the pallor on Gwen's face had deepened.

"Gwen dearest, you are worse," Maud said, trying to rise, but kept in her place by the slight hand which rested upon her head with a gentle, detaining touch.

"I am not worse, dear. There is one more picture I want you to see, and then I will rest, and you shall call father; but this last picture is the pleasantest of all, and I want to make you see it with my eyes."

She was silent for a few moments, lying back upon her pillows, then she went on very softly—

"I see a stately, beautiful mansion, which with all its statelinass and beauty is still full of the charm of home; I see a fair young mistress who is the very heart of home, who makes her husband so happy that his long probation seems nothing to him, who is kind and considerate to those around her, who is happy, and beautiful, and loved, and loving. And I see her husband doing much good in his day and generation, sparing neither his wealth nor his time where the welfare of others is concerned, making the poor bless his name when they hear it spoken, and raising in the hearts of men a monument which shall endure even when he is no longer there. And I see, perhaps, in the future a little dark-eyed lad who calls him father, and a little brown-eyed girl with golden curls, whom her brother calls 'Gwen,' and the home is an ideal home, full of love, and peace, and joy; and it is your home, my queen, and his."

Her voice died softly away, but the smile lingered; then, after a moment's pause, she went on—

"And in that home I am not forgotten, but thought of tenderly and lovingly, and spoken of often, when the husband and wife are alone, with softened voices and tender memories in which I shall live until we meet again."

There was a little silence. Maud had turned her face and hidden it against her sister.

The firelight fell on her golden hair and on her slight form in its closely fitting dark serge gown.

Gwen was still looking at the fire with dreamy eyes.

The door opened softly, and Doctor Kinsley came in, looking worn, and bent, and haggard, but forcing a smile as he met Gwen's eyes, and coming to her side sat down in his chair, which was drawn close up to the sofa.

"I am glad you have come back, dear," Gwen said gently. "You must not leave me again. I think it is coming quickly now."

Maud lifted her head and looked up with startled eyes; but there was nothing to alarm her in the aspect of the pale face upon the pillows, with its clustering rings of short, dark hair.

Gwen met the look and smiled, but said nothing.

She was weak and exhausted from the long effort she had made, and incapable of making another.

In the dying room it was very quiet as the shadow of those hovering wings grew and deepened; outside, the wind raved round the chimney stacks, and whirled the snow-flakes about wildly; within all was still.

The scent of the Gloire de Dijon roses filled the room, the fire burned brightly; Gwen, lying back upon her cushions, drew her breath feebly and with difficulty, and when Maud brought her a restorative and put it to her lips, though she swallowed a little of the cordial, it was with evident difficulty.

Presently there was the sound of voices and footsteps in the hall without, and Gwen's eyes brightened.

"It is Bertie," she said faintly. "Go and bring him in, father; I am glad he came in time."

Doctor Kinsley rose, his face working with emotion, and left the room, but it was not Gilbert who stood, worn and travel-stained, in the pretty oak-panelled hall in which the dusk was gathering, but Lord Dereham, who took the trembling hand the old surgeon held out to him in a silence which for a moment neither could break.

"You heard?" Doctor Kinsley said huskily.

"I heard at Venice. I came at once," the young man said. "Is Bertie here?"

"He has not yet come. We have sent for him. She is dying."

He staggered back against the wall white as death. Doctor Kinsley looked at him with dim eyes.

"Not Maud? It is Gwen. Did you think it was Maud?"

The sudden intense relief almost overcame Lord Dereham; he sank heavily into the nearest chair.

"It is Gwen!" Doctor Kinsley said hoarsely. "She has been ill for months, but we did not know the end was so near. I am glad you are here, Ivor," he added; "she said the other day she would like to see you. I will tell her. Stay here until I call you."

The earl sat motionless; at Venice he had heard from an acquaintance he had met that Doctor Kinsley's daughter was dying of a sudden illness of which no one knew the cause.

He had been sure that no illness of Gwen's could be called sudden, and he had started at once for home, never resting for an hour on the way lest he should be too late.

The revulsion of feeling turned him sick and faint, and his handsome, weary face was white as Gwen's own when he followed Doctor Kinsley into the room where she lay dying.

Maud was holding her in her arms, supporting her against her slender shoulder—she could breathe with less difficulty so—and the girls' faces so close together made a picture which Lord Dereham never forgot.

The short, dark curls of Gwen's hair seemed to mingle with the pale yet rich gold of Maud's locks, and there was as little color in Maud's face as in her sister's.

Maud never moved her eyes from her sister's face, but Gwen looked up and smiled, and put out her little, weak hand as he came to her side.

"The wanderer has returned," she said, in a faint voice. "I am glad."

He took her hand, which lay white as a snow-drop and hardly less frail, on his broad palm, and bending low over it touched it with his lips.

"I am going to leave Maud to your care," Gwen said gently, just turning her eyes for a moment on her sister's face. "You will take care of her for me?"

"If she will let me," the young fellow said earnestly, with a look at Maud which emphasized his words.

"She will let you, I hope, by-and-by," Gwen said. "I am glad to see you once more. Bertie will not be here in time! Maudie, lay me down, dear! Father, kiss me."

As Doctor Kinsley lifted his gray face from hers, her eyes closed, and she sank heavily back against the pillows, in sleep or swoon.

They made no effort to revive her; it would have been useless.

The minutes passed slowly as they gathered round her. Without, the wind lulled a little, but the snow fell heavily. Suddenly a faint smile lighted up her face, and her eyes opened.

"Mother!" she whispered.

That was all. As her white lids sank, a long sigh escaped her lips, and across the sea of death she had floated home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE winter passed by, the snow melted off the bare, brown earth, the pretty, dainty snowdrops peeped out of their hiding-places, the days grew longer.

Then the March winds came, noisy, blustering, rough; and were followed by the April showers, which, according to the old rhyme, bring forth May flowers—and spring had come.

It was not the spring to which we are getting accustomed in this variable clime of ours—bleak, chill, and cold—but the spring which poets love to paint, and which comes now and then, perhaps just to let us see how fair and balmy a season it can be; fairer in its budding, youthful loveliness than the mature beauty of summer and the richer coloring of autumn.

The trees in Dereham Park were rapidly donning their fair, fresh, spring attire; every shade of green might have been found in the hedgerows, the hawthorn trees were a glory of white may, or rose-hued blossoms, hardly less beautiful than the white flower itself.

The lilac trees in Doctor Kinsley's old-fashioned garden were in flower, filling the air with fragrance.

The laburnum trees were bent under the weight of golden tassels mingling with the tender green leaves.

"It is the time of lilacs," Lord Dereham thought, as he passed under the fragrant trees to the garden, in search of Maud, who was in the grounds somewhere, Barnes had told him.

His own hands were full of white lilac, which he had brought from Dereham for Maud; she was so fond of white lilac, and there was none at Ivyholme.

It was a fair, sunshiny morning late in May, and the pretty old garden was all aglow with hardy spring flowers.

It was a very different garden to the flower-garden at Dereham, but there was a charm about it, and a fragrance, and an old-world air which the symmetrically laid out parterres at Dereham lacked, and which Lord Dereham felt to the full as he went about its old-fashioned alleys, his hands full of the fragrant white lilac, a charm which he felt long before he saw Maud.

The sunshine, coming in long golden shafts through the trees, fell upon her where she stood, at the end of one of the alleys, in her long, sombre dress.

Her head was uncovered, and the gold of her hair glittered in the sunshine as she moved slowly through the flowers, touching one here and there tenderly with her thin white fingers.

At the sound of his footsteps on the graveled walk, she turned her face quickly and glanced at him over her shoulder, and as her eyes rested on him, he saw the color come swiftly to her face in a quick, rose-pink flash, and her long dark lashes droop over her shy, sweet eyes.

Lord Dereham's heart throbbed more quickly at sight of that blush.

Very often now she blushed when he came unexpectedly upon her, and he had taken that blush for a good omen.

Perhaps, after all, she was learning to love him, and that soon the lesson would be thoroughly learnt.

He had been loyal to Arnold Graeme for a whole long year.

When he had accompanied him abroad and seen him safely settled in a strange old Spanish city, where his artist eye could not fail to be attracted by the light and glow and color, and the quaintness of the old Moorish buildings, and the rich, dark loveliness of the Spanish women.

He had traveled far and wide, trying to ease the pain at his heart, which seemed to grow greater and greater as time went on and brought him no relief.

But travel, and absence, and every means of amusement were unavailing.

Graeme's words, spoken with such quiet, resigned sadness beside his own hearth, kept coming back to him again and again.

Would a woman who loved Arnold have condemned him to so cruel a life? Would a woman who loved him have allowed him even to take her brother's guilt upon him?

Would she not rather that any other should suffer save the man she loved?

And with these thoughts would come others—thoughts which filled his nights with unrest, his days with longing; thoughts of Maud in her pale beauty coming to him for help and assistance, lying in his arms with her fainting head upon his breast, awakening from her swoon and looking into his eyes with the softened light in her own which he had thought so lovely.

Maud sobbing her heart out by his side in the old cathedral.

And other thoughts still—thoughts which made his heart beat and his pulses quicken; thoughts of Maud kneeling beside him at the altar in her bridal finery; wondering with him under bluer skies than ours, dreaming away the honeymoon hours by Italian lakes; coming home with him to take her place as mistress of his stately home; riding to the meet with him, erect and graceful in her saddle; walking through the park with him, her hand through his arm, or spending long, happy, idle hours in the twilight or firelight evenings in the library.

Maud with her soft fingers clasped in his and her head upon his arm; Maud lying pale and beautiful with tender, smiling eyes and tremulous, sweet lips, with a baby in her arms—his child.

Ah! how thickly these thoughts thronged him in the quiet lonely evenings spent in the solitude of his stately home; how he dwelt upon them half tenderly, half bitterly, and wondered if they would ever come true and feared they never would.

She gave him her little hand under the shade of the laburnum tree, and turned with him towards the house, greeting him with the frank, cordial friendliness which sometimes reduced him to despair.

He had been so good to her during the terrible weeks which followed Gwen's death, when the whole world had seemed dark, and cold, and empty, that she had forgotten for the time the wishes he had so bravely kept in abeyance, and their intercourse had been free from all embarrassment.

Indeed, his long absence from home had made Maud decide that he had ceased to wish to be anything to her but a friend, and she had schooled herself to try and think of him only in that light.

The girl herself did not know how much his presence, his care, lightened the heavy burden she had to bear just then; she hardly realized how much she looked forward to his visits, or what a break they made in the monotony of her life.

"What a lovely lilac," she said in her pretty voice, which had acquired such a pathetic intonation in the last few months; "how good of you to think of it; how lovely it is, so pure against the green leaves."

"There was lots of it in the flower markets at Nice, when I was there last," the earl said, thinking more of the beautiful pale woman by his side, with all the pure white and delicate green of the lilac against the sombre background of her gown, than of what he was saying.

"In the winter?"

"Yes, in the winter," he answered absently.

"What a boon the flowers must be to the poor people in those climates," Maud said, touching the fragrant blossoms tenderly with her pretty fingers, and lifting them to her face; "I wonder if they really enjoy them."

"I fancy they look upon them solely from a marketable point of view," the young man said, with an insane jealousy of the pretty white blossoms which her lips touched. "At Nice flowers are a staple commodity!" he added laughingly, "and visitors spend most of their morning in purchasing flowers to send to their friends at home."

"It seems rather cruel to shut them up in a box and keep them in confinement for so many long hours, the poor, pretty things," Maud said softly, as they entered the house by the garden door. "Sometimes I wonder if we are right to cut them at all, yet they give such pleasure; do not they? The house seems so desolate without them."

They had passed into the inner hall now, the pretty, old-fashioned hall, with its oak paneling.

The old china bowl in the centre of the table was empty. Lord Dereham glanced at it, and then at Maud's white lilac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO EYES AND TWO EARS.

To give the body an evenly-balanced and symmetrical appearance is not the only reason why it is provided with an eye and ear on each side. It is true that the body is composed of two apparently exactly similar halves, but the internal organism does not carry out the idea suggested by external appearances.

The true reason for the duplication of the organs of vision and hearing lies in the physical nature of light and air, and of things around us, and thus two eyes and two ears become a necessity for the comfort and convenience of living beings. Two eyes are necessary for us to be able to judge of the distances of objects and two ears to comprehend the direction from which sound comes. Any one who has suddenly lost the sight of one eye or the hearing of one ear can fully appreciate this fact. When such a person desires to take hold of or pick up a small object, a pin, for instance—he will most frequently overreach it or fall short of it, and he will wonder why this should be the case.

The explanation is very simple, and is based upon the same principle that enables a surveyor to run off a base line, and, by measuring the angles made by vision to a distant, perhaps inaccessible, point, tell the exact distance to that point. In ordinary vision the base line is the distance between the eyes.

The eyes being directed towards a point, vision proceeds in a direct line from each, the lines crossing each other at the point looked at, thus making a triangulation, as it were, the base of which is the distance between the centres of vision in each eye. The calculation of distance is to a certain extent a reflex mental action; but to a certain extent only, since it is a faculty which can be cultivated to a very high degree.

The reason why two ears are necessary is much more obvious to the casual observer of natural phenomena. Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, like the wavelets caused by dropping a pebble into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of sound to his ear, the impact being greatest in the ear that is nearest to the source.

The effect, in this respect, of the total loss of hearing in one ear was forcibly illustrated by the statement of a patient who consulted me recently. He lived in a wild portion of Tennessee, and spent a good deal of his spare time in the woods, hunting squirrels, accompanied only by his dog. An explosion suddenly destroyed the hearing of one ear. After this accident, while in the woods he found that he could hear his dog bark, but for the life of him he could not locate the direction of the sound, even when quite close to him, and he was compelled to take his little boy along with him to find the dog. After a time a person learn to correct, to a limited extent, the errors in estimating distances after loss of vision, but the effect of the loss of an ear upon the estimation of the direction of sound is never corrected. D.

An infant two months old was found frozen to death on a door step in Cincinnati the other morning. Attached to the child's clothing was a note, addressed to the superintendent of a local orphan asylum, which read: "This poor unfortunate little tate comes from a long line of Christian ancestors, and will not inherit any evil traits from its mother's side at least, to prevent it from growing up into noble womanhood. It is of unfortunate birth. Call the child's name Anna."

THE TWO SEAS.

BY J. B. S.

Each night we are launched on a sea of sleep;
No doubts disturb us, no fears annoy,
Though we plough the waves of the darkened deep,
We know we are safe in the Master's keep,
And the morning brings us joy.

What dread, then, should daunt us, what doubt distress,
When on Death's dark sea we are launched alone?
In that deeper sleep, should we trust Him less?
Shall we limit to earth his power to bless?
Will the Father forsake his own?

He made us His children; He bears us to bed;
And whether our sleep be the first or last,
What matters it where our souls are led,
If our trust in the God of the living and dead
Should only hold us fast?

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

I BELIEVE there is great truth in odic force, my lady," mademoiselle answers, with an aspect of meek self-abnegation.

Accordingly mademoiselle goes out, ostensibly to call at Rutland Gardens; but instead of calling, she leaves a note for Lady Nora and one for Mrs. Glynne.

Then the clever young woman goes into a confectioner's, and eats an ice and some strawberries and cream, and sips a liqueur glass of old cognac and eats a water-biscuit.

Next she drives to Mudie's and selects a new novel, and thence drives back to Harley Street, where the Countess is staying.

The new Earl is too stingy to take a house in town, and he has let the family town-residence long since on a twenty-one years' lease.

Mademoiselle has thus spent a pleasant afternoon, run no risks, and suffered no annoyances; and, just as she has removed her walking-attire, a second note arrives from Yolande—

"Dear Lady Pentreath—Some tiresome visitors we expected have not arrived; so may I come and dine with you, a tête à tête?

"Yours in haste,

"YOLANDE."

"Voilà, madame!" laughs Miss Isabelle, as the Countess hands her the open note.

"You are certainly a wonderful woman, Isabelle," the Countess says, smiling.

And yet the quondam governess's note to her former pupil has been only a little gush of lady-like regret at her refusal to dine with them.

And her note to Lady Nora has been something of the same description.

"Dear Lady Nora—The Countess is so much disappointed at not seeing Mrs. Glynne this evening. In her present delicate state of health any worry or depression of spirits is bad for her. Could you not kindly persuade Mrs. Glynne to alter her decision?

"Yours faithfully,

"ISABELLE GANTIER.

"P.S.—I obtained some views of Cheltenham a short time since which I should like to show you. I know you have very interesting associations with that place.

"I. G."

"And, while you are receiving the confidences of the forsaken bride, Lady Pentreath," her companion says, in a business-like way, "may I go out for an hour to see some of my relatives at Brixton? You know I told you I have a lot of poor music-teacher cousins, and drawing master uncles and poor folk of that kind."

"Certainly, dear," Lady Pentreath replies kindly. "You need not be back until ten, Isabelle. And, if there is anything you wish to take to a sick friend—any wine or jelly or fruit—order it, please, Isabelle."

"You are so generous and kind, my lady!" the quondam Miss Glover says, with a little gush of emotion; and she really does wipe one small tear away.

Mrs. Dallas Glynne does not come until five minutes before dinner-time, and immediately after they have risen from the table mademoiselle utters her adieux.

"You will have gone before I return, I suppose, dear?" she says to Yolande. "I am sure Lady Nora and you will take a long time for your toilettes. I am going to see a lot of my poor relatives and sick relatives at Brixton."

And there is a curious glitter of humor in Miss Glover's eyes and certain queer curves at the corners of her lips.

Brixton does not lie anywhere near Rutland Gardens, Hyde Park, but certainly that is the destination of the cab that Miss Isabelle takes.

The cab stops at No. 9; and, when the fool an opens the door and mademoiselle gives her name, Lady Nora's waiting Mercie comes forward at once, and escorts her upstairs to Lady Nora's dressing-room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

YOLANDE and Lady Pentreath sit for some time, after mademoiselle has left the room, talking on ordinary topics until Lady Pentreath introduces her companion's name.

"Isabelle is such a treasure to me," the Countess remarks—"so devoted, so zealously devoted to my interests! I do not believe the dear kind creature has a thought to spare for herself!"

Yolande murmurs vaguely something like an assent, but feels, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, "much tumbled up and down in her mind."

"And I really believe Isabelle never feels quite happy when she is absent from me, fearing lest I might need her services," the Countess continues, smiling. "Would you kindly give me that footstool near you, dear?"

Yolande places the footstool, and looks at the clock, and wonders, with a dull throb of suspense, if she is to spend the evening listening to the praises of the Countess's companion.

"I mention her, my dear, to introduce the subject on which I wish to speak to you," Lady Pentreath goes on, getting in her way with slow deliberation. "Would you be so good as to fetch me that air-pillow, dear? You see I miss Isabelle at every turn! My digestion is in such a fragile condition—as I may express it—that, if I once even change the position which I set in when the process of digestion commences, is progress is arrested and delayed, with most serious consequences. Well, dear, as it is through Isabelle's instrumentality that I have become aware of the circumstances which I am about to communicate to you, I have mentioned her name."

Lady Pentreath pauses, and Yolande again looks at the timepiece, ticking on now towards eight o'clock.

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says suddenly, in a kind persuasive voice—a vast improvement on her usual melancholy, cold, slow tones—"as your relative and your husband's relative, will you tell me candidly and frankly the reason why Dallas Glynne and you have parted, if it be not too painful for you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Yolande says, with a slight forced laugh. "It is quite a commonplace every-day sort of reason, Lady Pentreath. My husband did not care for me."

"Or you did not care for him!" Lady Pentreath asks quietly. "Which is the truth?"

"Oh, no!" Yolande says bitterly, her fair pale face one burning flush. "I fell in love with Captain Glynne, and, as he easily perceived the state of affairs, he decided on marrying me — particularly as I had money, and he wanted money."

"Then why did he leave you, and plunge into poverty, and refuse to share a shilling of your fortune with you?" asks Lady Pentreath.

"I don't know," Yolande replies drearily, "except for the reason I gave you before. He cared so little for me that he would rather forego advantages than possess them shared with me."

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says, in her quiet, lachrymose, passionless voice, "do you know, I think you are wronging Dallas Glynne. He told Lord Pentreath he loved you."

"Who loved me?" Yolande asks, with a new light flashing into her face, the hot blood bounding in her pulses.

"Your husband," Lady Pentreath answers, with a faint amused smile. "Don't give way to agitation, dear. Walk up and down the room slowly a few times, and drink a small quantity—say, an ounce or two—of cold water, and then——"

But Yolande does not even hear her. She has locked her hands in each other tightly; her eyes are sparkling, the soft laces at the throat of her pure white dinner-dress are rising and falling rapidly.

"When—did my — husband say he—loved me?" she asks, her lips quivering over the words, her face suffused with a soft warmth, as a shy maiden's at the first mention of a lover.

"He said so to my husband, who took him to task because you left Pentreath so soon," the Countess replies, in a cool matter-of-fact tone, as of one who states an unimportant fact. "Lord Pentreath is the most rigidly correct of men with regard to a husband's morals and conduct, and he was afraid Captain Glynne had given you some serious cause of complaint; and in the course of the confidential talk between them," concludes the Countess, smiling again in a half-amused, half-wondering fashion, "Captain Glynne said—what I told you."

"What? What?" Yolande asks, with a scarlet spot on each cheek and her eyes blazing like stars.

"That he loved you," Lady Pentreath says, coughing a little, as if the expression were hardly delicate. "I told you what he said just now, dear. 'I love my wife,' he said, 'and my wife loves me.' And then, of course, we were naturally surprised to hear he had gone abroad; and—— Oh, pray don't give way to excitement, my dear!" Lady Pentreath exclaims, letting her air-pillow slip and jerking away her footstool in dismay.

For Yolande, in an agony of grief and gladness commingled, has thrown herself down upon her knees by the couch, with her arms outflung, and, with her face hidden, is sobbing her heart out.

"Pray don't, my dear!" she is conscious at last that Lady Pentreath is saying, and she hears her clinking medicine glasses and bottles, and measuring out a dose of something that has a chemist's-shop odor. "Pray do not give way, Yolande. Hysteria may supervene, and there is nothing more destructive to the nervous system! Ten drops of this, dear—Doctor Suthely Smith's prescription."

"Oh, let me cry, let me cry! My heart has been so sore so long!" Yolande pleads wildly. "Oh, Dallas, Dallas, how could you leave me so cruelly if you cared for me at all? Oh, my darling, my darling, if I only knew where you were now! Oh, Dallas, I burned your letter; and now I don't know where you are."

"My dear, this is very sad!" the Countess says pityingly, but in a very surprised voice. "I had no idea you had such very strong feelings. Poor girl! Drink this nice little dose of sedative medicine, my dear."

The glass of reddish-colored, sickly-aromatic, vile-tasting mixture is at her lips, and poor Yolande, helpless, drinks.

"That will make you feel so much better," the Countess says approvingly. "And as for your husband's address, surely Lady Nora has it?"

"Oh, no! She knows nothing about him. We never mention his name," Yolande says hopelessly. "Lady Nora never hears of him or from him, of course, or she would tell me."

Lady Pentreath sits quite silent for several minutes.

Then at last, in an altered voice, she says very gravely—

"Would you really wish to see your husband, to meet him, and be reconciled to him?"

"If he cared," Yolande falters, her dry aching eyes filling again with hot tears. "But you know there was some one else."

"If you mean my cousin Joyce Murray," Lady Pentreath says reluctantly, in a rather scandalised voice, "you must know, my dear, that is a most shocking imputation to utter. A virtuous, prudent girl knows how to restrain her feelings, my dear Yolande. A virtuous girl, once a man is married—no matter how fondly attached to him she may have been—knows her affection has become sinful and unlawful, and so puts him out of her mind at once and forever and thinks no more of him. There may have been—I believe there was—some attachment between my cousin and Captain Glynne," concludes Lady Pentreath; "but, of course, when Captain Glynne was married, that ended at once. I could not think my cousin other than a prudent and virtuous woman," Lady Pentreath adds severely. "She was a little frivolous; but all that is past, and Lord Pentreath and myself have the very highest opinion of our cousin's mind and character."

Yolande sits silent, with disbelief strong in her heart, both of Lady Pentreath's powers of discrimination and Joyce Murray's marvellous prudence and discretion.

"I can't be a virtuous or prudent young woman!" Yolande thinks, with passionate scorn. "If Dallas married twenty wives, I should love him all the same to the day I died."

"Lord Pentreath has the very highest opinion of Miss Murray," the Countess continues, with a sharp short sigh, which seems uncalled for. "They are excellent friends now, I am glad to say. They used not to be; but Joyce has become quite a woman of business since she came into poor Lord Dunavon's bequest, and Lord Pentreath gives her the benefit of his advice about money-matters, and so forth. He says Joyce may be quite a rich woman by-and-by. She is wonderfully shrewd and clear-headed, I believe."

And there is another quick suppressed sigh, which Yolande hears but does not heed just now, for her thoughts have rushed far away over leagues of land and sea to that far-away one, wherever in the wide world he may be.

What skies are above him? In what country—what town—what street—what house—does he live?

What people speak to him in the course of each day? Happy people! Perhaps he chats and laughs and enjoys their society; perhaps he dines with one and sups with another and walks or rides with others; while she—his wedded wife by the laws of Church and State—is an utter stranger to one and all of the incidents of his daily life.

"Do you know whereabouts he is, Lady Pentreath?" she asks humbly and tremulously. "Did you hear from him at any time since he went to America? If you could give me an address——"

"Whose?" Lady Pentreath asks blankly. "Oh, your husband! My dear, it it possible you don't know he came back from the States long ago—yes, I think early last spring?"

"Came back!" Yolande leaps up, with a face transfigured with joy and excitement. "Is he—is he in England? No—no, I am not going to be excited! Oh, Lady Pentreath, where is he?"

"He was in London when I heard," her ladyship answers reluctantly. "But, my dear Yolande, I was quite sure you knew all about his position and all that."

"I know nothing," Yolande responds, with a sobbing laugh, dashing away her tears surreptitiously lest Lady Pentreath should prescribe some other loathsome mixture to quiet the fever of hopes and fears which is burning in her bosom now. "nothing, nothing! To think of his being in London for months and my not knowing! Where is he staying, Lady Pentreath? You will tell me, won't you?" she pleads, with a piteous effort at gaiety. "I don't know where my husband is, and I suppose he doesn't want me to know; but I should like to know all the same. I want to write to him very particularly; and there isn't any harm in a wife's writing to her husband, is there, Lady Pentreath, even if"—with a miserable reckless little laugh—"he throws her letters into the fire!"

"Did he do that?" Lady Pentreath asks severely. "It seems to me, my dear," she continues, in a grave, cold, judicial voice, "that Captain Glynne has not behaved very well to you from the first. I must say so, though he is a connection of my own. He has not behaved very well to other people; to his cousin Lord Pentreath he was most rude and unjust. One cannot expect very much, from the injudicious, worldly, godless influences which surrounded his early years," her ladyship adds, thinking all the time of the "Circassian Slave's" dress and Lady Nora's spangled trousers of tulle—"which surrounded him indeed to the present day, poor young man!"

"No, no! He did not, but I did!" Yolande cries incoherently, unable any longer to control herself. "I burned his letter; I thought it was so cold and cruel that I tore it in two and burned it right before Lady Nora's face. And I was so sorry the minute after that I could have put my hand into the middle of the fire and let it be burned half away if I could only have had the letter again."

"Oh, dear, dear!" Lady Pentreath exclaims, with deep concern.

"Yes, I was wicked to do it, I know," sobs Yolande distractedly; "but if you knew how I have been punished for it! I have grieved myself nearly mad with longing to see him or hear from him or of him once more. Oh, do tell me where you think he is, dear Lady Pentreath."

"Hysteria will certainly supervene—nay, I fear has supervened," Lady Pentreath says, in a low anxious voice, glancing towards the medicine-bottles again. "My dear Yolande, I cannot knowingly and willingly permit you to destroy your nerves perhaps for life," she goes on, moving towards the table. "Aware as I am of the life of suffering which is entailed on the unhappy possessor of shattered nerves, I cannot permit you to indulge in this violent excitement. My dear, you must take a little bromide of potassium, and lie down on the couch with your eyes closed, without speaking or moving, for at least half an hour, or I will not answer for the consequences!" Lady Pentreath says, with an air of gloomy triumph.

"I will do anything you wish, I will swallow bottlefuls of any horrible stuff you like, Lady Pentreath," Yolande pleads, "if you will only give me my husband's address!"

"Bottlefuls of horrible stuff!" her ladyship repeats, offended. "Doctor Suthely Smith's prescription! I will give you Captain Glynne's present address, though I certainly think, in his present circumstances and your present lamentably excitable state of feeling, it were much better you should not meet—much better."

"Please give it to me! Do, Lady Pentreath," Yolande pleads, weeping helplessly. "I want to see him and speak to him; and then—I don't care if I die! Do tell me where he is! He won't refuse to see me, will he, do you think, if I call at his club, or hotel, or wherever he is staying?"

"I should think not, certainly," Lady Pentreath replies, with emphasis. "You are not aware then of Captain Glynne's circumstances? No, I see you are not. Well, I must tell you then that, as he refused to permit Lord Pentreath to assist him—so his lordship tells me—most discourteously and positively, I understand—and having nothing but the money which he received from the sale of his commission, which was all swallowed up in paying off his debts—he was deeply in debt, I believe, unfortunate young man!—and not sharing in your fortune, you see, he was actually without the means of substance, and was obliged to do anything he could honestly to earn a living."

"Has he been in poverty—in want," Yolande asks, with pale lips and eyes dark with horror—"while I have been squandering money on rubbish and vanity? Heaven forgive me—I shall never forgive myself!"

CHAPTER XXX.

MY dear Yolande, if Captain Glynne were not in question at all," the Countess says, in a severely moral tone, making the advice she utters as unpalatable as it can possibly be made, "you would not be justified in squandering your money. There are the poor, the hungry, the sick, and the destitute. Oh, my dear, what good you might have done with every sovereign you thoughtlessly squandered, as you yourself confess you have done."

"I know, I know," Yolande breaks in, in an agony of impatience and irritation, "and I am truly sorry for it! But it hurts me more than anything else to think that my husband was in want of the money I was spending on useless luxuries! I hate myself."

"Oh, I don't fancy he was in actual want, you know," the Countess observes temperately, while Yolande writhes at every fresh sentence. "He could surely earn enough for the bare necessaries of life," pursues Lady Pentreath—"a young man of good education and address. He was employed somewhat in the same way in the States as he is here; so Isabelle—I mean, so I heard ——"

"Does she know?" Yolande exclaims, hot with passionate chagrin and mortification. "Mademoiselle knew about my husband's affairs all the time I was in ignorance of them! Did he write to her then, Lady Pentreath?"

"Certainly not!" her ladyship answers sharply. "I am surprised you should ask such a question, or harbor such a suspicion about Isabelle! You do not know her, I see, though she was your companion for eight or nine months. I knew her thoroughly in less than eight or nine weeks. A more ingenuous, honorable, straightforward young woman does not exist, I am quite sure; and one more averse to idle or unworthy flirtation, or less desirous of at-

tracting the notice of the other sex, I never met!"

"But does mademoiselle know my husband's present address?" Yolande asks, in a tone of forced calmness. "If so, perhaps she would give it to me? I should be very grateful to her."

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says irritably, "I can give you your husband's address. I have assured you so repeatedly. But I hope you are prepared to hear without a severe shock to your nerves that he is in a very lowly position, in the employment of a person who keeps an hotel, as—as—as—a sort of head-waiter."

"A head waiter!" Yolande repeats, with crimson cheeks; and then the idea of Captain Glynne, with his aristocratic mien and patrician tastes, being transformed into a prim, genteel, close-shaven, mutton-chop-whiskered personage with snowy table-napkin in hand and a keen eye on the joints and vegetables is so irresistibly humorous that, exhausted with weeping and excitement as she is, she laughs until she can laugh no longer. "Hysteria supervenes!" indeed, for she fairly screams with merriment at the idea of Dallas saying "Yes, sir!" and of his trying on his white apron to carve a sirloin at a side-table.

"I should not have thought you would have been amused at the idea of your unfortunate husband being reduced to the position of a menial," Lady Pentreath says very stiffly. "I cannot help feeling the deepest compassion for him, in spite of his faults and follies."

"So do I," Yolande agrees, bursting out afresh from the very consciousness of its being an unfeeling and improper thing to do. "Oh, dear—to think of Dallas being a waiter! It can't be true, Lady Pentreath; there must be some mistake. To begin with, he has had no experience in carving."

She can hardly get the words out, as one ludicrous image after another rises in her mind.

"He is in some menial capacity, that I know," the Countess declares sharply, "at the Baltimore Hotel—a sort of half-American, half-foreign place in the city—no, in Holborn. He is employed in the office for taking people's names, and showing them to their rooms, and all that."

"Oh, a clerk in the hotel-office!" Yolande says, in a relieved tone. "That is a very different thing. Thank you, though, a thousand times, Lady Pentreath. The Baltimore Hotel, Holborn? I suppose a cab will take me there in about a quarter of an hour?" she adds excitedly, rising and flinging on her long black silk mantle. "I know you will pardon me for leaving you at once, Lady Pentreath! Every minute seems an age to me. Oh, dear, where is my hat?"

"I thought you were going out with Lady Nora to-night?" Lady Pentreath says gravely, but looking not displeased—her long cold bony face rarely warms into actual pleasure.

"Going to a fancy-ball, and my husband within two miles of me!" Yolande exclaims, with flashing eyes. "I am going to try to do right, Lady Pentreath!"

"Are you going to be quite reconciled to him then?" the Countess asks gently. "I hope you will. It is much better for both of you, though you will have trials enough in the married state. What a pity Isabelle is not at home. I must send Brett with you. She is a most respectable person, but of course not like Isabelle."

"Dear Lady Pentreath," Yolande says imploringly, "I don't want Isabelle and I don't want Brett where I am going. I hope to meet my husband. I want no one—no one—only to see him again."

"Do you think, dear, I could possibly allow you to go in a cab, a common hired conveyance, unattended, by night, through the streets?" the Countess asks, in shocked tones.

And Yolande smiles sarcastically, thinking how often in her schoolgirl and poorer days she has walked an equal distance on summer evenings on errands of business for her aunt alone.

But she is obliged to wait now, while her heart aches with impatience, until Mrs. Brett can be found and can get ready; and then, with a kind good-bye and even a prim kiss from Lady Pentreath, she is permitted to take her leave.

* * * * * *

It is an Opera night, a "Patti night," Oxford Street is densely crowded with cabs, carriages, and omnibuses, and the cab in which Yolande sits speechless, almost breathless in anxiety and suspense, gets into a block again and again, until she feels she must get out and run.

"This is dreadful!" she says at last, in despair.

"'Tis indeed, madam," agrees Brett, with much nervous sympathy: "it's a wonder we don't hear of more accidents than we do, madam."

"Brett is thinking of her bones!" Yolande mutters to herself contemptuously.

At last the cab gets free of the final block, and whirls on City-wards while Yolande watches with straining eyes through the fading evening light for the Baltimore Hotel.

But, while she is gazing through one window, the Baltimore Hotel is confronting the other, and the cab pulls up, and Yolande gets out with tottering steps, wondering very feverishly if that is Dallas—that man inside the glass-panelled entrance-doors.

No, that is not he. That other man perhaps! There is some one on the other side of the hall, fair-haired, gentlemanly looking.

No, it is not he either. She pauses, timid and bewildered, with a very severe and gentlemanly head-waiter confronting her, and a liveried hall-porter and page-boy hovering near.

"Wish for rooms, madam?" the hall-porter asks with a stiff bow, noting her dress—the long handsome mantle and the edge of white lace-trimmed flounces peering out beneath—her youthful lady-like timid mien, and the well-dressed respectable servant behind her.

"No, thank you," Yolande answers nervously, flushing brightly; "I wish to see Captain Glynne, please."

"A gentleman staying in the hotel, madam?" the head-waiter asks, scanning her more closely.

"No—he is not staying in the hotel—that is, he—is—I have been told he is employed—is in a situation here," stammers Yolande, flushing until her face and neck burn with shame.

Her shy dark eyes fill with alarm and embarrassment, and the stiff head-waiter and several fast-looking men lounging about the entrance-hall begin to stare at the pretty frightened-looking young lady, and to draw a little nearer to her.

But Mrs. Brett, with her hard-featured matronly face, her bands of iron-gray hair, and her solid-looking bonnet of stiff ribbons and massive red roses, draws near also, with a stern glance around, and the loungers fall back.

"Can't I make inquiries, madam, while you rest in the ladies' drawing-room?" she asks deferentially.

"Shall I inquire if Captain Glynne is staying in the hotel, madam?" the stiff waiter asks, following suit. "If you step into the drawing-room a moment—— Here, Evans! Show this lady——"

"No, no, please—I can't wait!" Yolande says feverishly, looking around. "I would rather wait here until you can tell me if he is in the hotel—Captain Glynne, please."

"There is no gentleman of that name here, madam," the head-waiter says briefly, losing interest in a young lady who is inquiring for an unknown person.

"Is there not?" Yolande asks, in tones sharp with dismay and disappointment. "Are you sure?"

She almost bursts into tears before the frigid head-waiter, who now is looking coldly impatient.

"I was told he was in the hotel-office. This is the Baltimore Hotel, isn't it?"

"Yes, 'm," the man answers curtly; "but there is no one of the name of Glynne on the staff of the hotel."

"There must be some mistake, madam," Mrs. Brett puts in sharply, for the benefit of those around. "Her ladyship the Countess has made no mistake, of course. It must be elsewhere the mistake is!"—with another stern glance and a disparaging sniff. "We had best go back now, madam; and perhaps her ladyship will make inquiries herself of the manager of the hotel."

The head-waiter relaxes a little under this flourish of titles.

"I assure you, madam, I am making no mistake in saying there is no gentleman of the name of Glynne employed here," he says decisively. "The two gentlemen employed in the office are Mr. Marsh, the sub-manager, and Mr. Dallas, the head-clerk——"

"That is he!" Yolande interrupts, with a wild eager joyfulness that reminds the stiff and rigid head-waiter of the days when he read romances and believed in them. "I called him by his family name. Will you tell him, please, that a lady wants to see him—Mr. Dallas Glynne?"

The head-waiter is but a man, after all. He looks puzzled but interested, noting the sparkling eyes, the appealing glance, the glad fluttering blushes.

"Certainly, madam," he responds, with a faint smile; and then he gives another quick glance of surprise and scrutiny. He indicates a man standing a few feet off, looking at the group in the centre of the hall. "There is Mr. Dallas," he says, wondering if there will be recognition on both sides or not. "A lady to see you, Mr. Dallas," he adds very needlessly, as the lady has rushed over to the hotel-clerk and held out both her trembling hands.

"Won't you—won't you?" she mutters, in choking half-audible tones, with an agony of entreaty, an agony of gladness and grief in her fair tear-wet quivering face.

And Dallas Glynne—— Can this be Dallas Glynne—this pallid, haggard, stern-looking man in well-worn office-suit, his hair thin and turning on his temples?

He looks ten years older than when she saw him last, little more than a year ago—the elegant young aristocrat—an Army "beauty-man."

He takes the hand she offers him, and presses it slightly.

"How did you find me out?" he asks, as it were carelessly; but there is a faint smile on his pale set face, a wistful darkness and warmth in his cold gray eyes. "Evans," he says, turning to the waiter, "take this lady into the manager's sitting-room. Excuse me for a moment," he says to his wife.

And he stays behind, and goes back to the office again for a minute or two, lest the curious eyes turned on him from every direction discern that his usual cold gentlemanly composure—"the Johnny Bull high tone style," his American patrons term it half scoffingly—is ruffled in the least by this mysterious rencontre.

Nothing would make him admit it, even to himself, but he is, for all his cold calm exterior, almost as fiercely agitated as she is—almost as overwhelmed with gladness and sorrow; while his pride stings him like a scorpion because of the position in which she has found him.

He gives one look at himself in a mirror as he passes.

"I look a much fitter object now than when she married me for the generous compassion of a rich young woman!" he thinks bitterly; and then he enters the manager's sitting-room, and shuts the door behind him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

YOLANDE has often pictured this meeting to herself, and imagined a scene in which she and haughty handsome Dallas were face to face, and how she uttered faultlessly-worded tender reproaches, and how he—cold and distant at first—at last began to yield a little, and to say kind things and pleasant things, and how he had grieved at leaving the country without seeing her, and so on, until she has wept and laughed to herself at the visions her imagination conjured up.

But the reality is this. Dallas enters the room gravely and deliberately, and she hurries forward and takes his hand again, and, sobbing and smiling, and behaving altogether absurdly, says—

"Oh, how are you? Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Yolande," Dallas replies, with a slight smile, courteously, but very coldly. "How did you find me here, may I ask? I thought no one but my employer was aware of my real name. And you are quite well? I need scarcely ask, though; you are looking extremely well. And you are taller, I think," with a faint smile.

His eyes are resting on her with a warm light of pleasure and admiration in them which makes her heart throb wildly with glad excitement.

"I am very well, thank you, quite well indeed," Yolande repeats vaguely, feeling that they are both copying Mr. Toots most ridiculously, but unable for her life to utter anything else coherently. "And you are quite well, Dallas?" she goes on, stammering shyly, "I found you—that is, Lady Pentreath gave me your address."

His pallid handsome face, grown so prematurely aged and haggard, darkens with a flash of anger.

"Lady Pentreath and her husband? I thought I had rid myself of them for life! Pray how did the noble Earl find me out?"

"I don't know about the Earl," Yolande answers timidly. "But mademoiselle—she lives with Lady Pentreath, you know—I believe she learned where you were."

"Oh, mademoiselle the spy!" Dallas says, with a curt hard laugh. "What an interest that excellent young woman does take in my affairs! It seems to continue also. Love may be forgetful, but hatred—never."

"I have never been forgetful of you," Yolande says, in low unsteady tones—"never—I wish I could have been—since the day you left me and would not even say good-bye."

"That was not quite right or courteous, I confess," Dallas acknowledges coldly and carelessly. "I regretted it afterwards, but at the time I did not see the use of distressing you with a leave-taking which I meant to be final."

"You meant never to come back any more?" Yolande questions, her voice clear and hard now, her eyes tearless and glittering. "Then I was right in my first belief, that you had deserted me forever."

"I don't think 'desertion' is quite the correct term," Dallas says, frowning, while a slight color rises in his face. "You were rich, prosperous, comfortable, surrounded by loving friends and relatives in your own home. I was almost penniless when my debts were paid; my prospects were blighted—I was without fortune, position, home, or friends. I was quite sure then, and I am quite sure now, that the only honest and manly course to pursue was to leave you as free as I could, and undo as far as lay in my power the wrong I had done you in marrying you."

"And did you think—did you really believe in your heart," Yolande asks—and Dallas Glynne's words fall before the passion and the accusation in hers—"that you were not inflicting a cruel wrong on me, and blighting my life by leaving me alone, desolate, bound to you and deserted by you, for the rest of my days, before I was much more than twenty years of age? Did you?"

"I thought that you would soon forget me," Dallas answers, in a lower tone, "and that perhaps before very long I should be dead, and you would be free again. I did not think I was wronging you. I had not any settled plans or ideas in going away, except that I must earn an independent livelihood in some way or other, or make an end of myself."

"And I was to have nothing to say in the matter, good or bad?" Yolande asks, coming nearer to him, reckless, fearless now, in her anger and jealous despair. "I thought you vowed to hold to me as long as we should live? That vow now went the way of all the rest, I guess-say."

"You never gave me a chance of keeping any vows," Dallas rejoins, shrugging his shoulders. "You can't say, I suppose, that you did not give me to understand that pretty plainly on our wedding day?"

"Has your treatment of me been in revenge for that?" Yolande asks, with her hands up to her throat to check the suffocating feeling that is oppressing her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VETERAN Maine school teacher remembers a school in which he had seven vulgar, profane and vicious boys, whose aim in life seemed to be to torment the teacher. This teacher recently visited the State prison in Thomaston and found three of those boys there. Four others are in the reform school.

Scientific and Useful.

WATER PIPES.—Water pipes exposed to freezing should be covered with glazed cotton batting. It is easily applied, and should be put on of the thickness of one to three inches, according to exposure, being wound around loosely with twine.

IN SEASON.—The placing of a folded newspaper across the chest under the overcoat is found by many roadsters to be the best possible shield against the cold winds in driving. A newspaper or sheet of paper placed between the bed covering will be found to be equal to a blanket in keeping out the cold or the warmth within.

IRON BOOK-BINDING.—Yet another application has been found for metal, which is now being substituted for card-board in book-binding. This novelty consists in the use of thin sheet metal for covers. The metal is specially prepared, and the cover may be bent and straightened again without perceptible damage. It may, in fact, be safely subjected to such treatment as would destroy ordinary covers. The metal is, of course, covered with the leather usually employed in book-binding, and the finished book presents no difference in appearance except in the greater thinness of the cover.

ELECTRICAL HEATING.—Electrical heating stoves are being introduced in France, a peculiar feature of their construction being that the wires are let through apertures formed in plates of refractory clay and plumbago. These plates are not inclosed, but are left exposed so that the air can circulate very freely through the apertures, where it comes in contact with the red-hot wires. Wire bobbins are inserted in the apertures, each bobbin forming part of the electric circuit, and all being connected for quantity; the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and serve to heat the air as it passes to and fro over them.

GLASS SOLDER.—An alloy which will solder glass, porcelain, and metals, or one to the other, can be made in the following manner: Copper dust, made by precipitating the metal from a solution of bluestone by means of zinc, is put into a mortar and treated with strong sulphuric acid. To this mass, formed by the copper and acid, is added a little more than twice as much mercury, the addition being made with constant stirring. The amalgam thus formed is washed with warm water to remove the acid, and is afterwards cooled. When required for use, it is heated, and worked in a mortar until it becomes as soft as wax, and in this state it will cling tenaciously to any surface to which it may be applied. It is applicable more especially to those substances which will not bear a high temperature.

Farm and Garden.

SPIDERS.—A noted German scientist finds reason for believing spiders eat more aphides and insect enemies of trees than do all the insect-eating birds. His views have been verified by observations on coniferous trees, a few broad-leafed trees and apple trees.

CORN-STALKS.—A citizen of Indiana has invented a new fuel, which bids fair to take the place of coal in the prairie countries. He grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them. This pulp is pressed into blocks about twelve inches long and four inches thick, and dried. This fuel can be produced for $2 a ton, and the inventor claims that it will last twice as long as the best soft coal.

CEMENT FOR IRON.—Take equal parts of flour sulphur and dry white lead, with one-sixth part of borax; incorporate thoroughly in a mortar. When used, add to it as much as you require for immediate use of sulphuric acid, just enough to make a paste, which spread thinly on the surface and press them together with clamps. In four or five days the joints will be strong and appear as if welded.

HINTS.—It is unsafe to turn cattle in to pasture in wet clover, as it will sometimes produce fatal cases of indigestion. A strong decoction of the leaves and stems of tomato plants is said to be deadly to caterpillars, lice and other enemies of vegetation without being injurious to the plants. It is a good plan to go over the pastures carefully every two or three weeks and have the droppings of the stock scattered, so that there may be evenness of growth of grass instead of rank grass in spots.

NUT-BEARERS.—The value of nut-bearing trees may be judged from the following: A Jerseyman has on his farm a hickory tree which last year bore five bushels and three pecks of nuts, which brought two dollars a bushel, and the dealer who came for them said he would be glad to get a hundred bushels at the same price. The tree is worth for timber and firewood fifteen dollars, and there is room for forty such trees on an acre of ground.

DOG-BITES.—M. Pasteur says, in answer to an application for treatment from a person bitten by a favorite dog, that every dog that is attacked with rabies dies within ten days. He therefore advises that, when a dog has bitten a person, it be locked up and cautiously cared for. If it survive the tenth day, the mind of the person bitten may rest easy. Meanwhile the wound should be promptly attended to, as the saliva of a healthy dog may otherwise cause an abscess. If the dog develop symptoms of rabies within ten days, the person bitten is advised to put himself at once treatment by inoculation.

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The Same and Another.

In trying to describe the world at large by an expressive term, some old writer calls it a "Land of Rags." What is a rag? It is one of those profound and yet familiar mysteries which everybody knows so intimately, and yet nobody can put into words. It is a nondescript, like a cherub or unicorn; of which the generality of people of mature years could give no better account than would be got from any child and yet too well known to fix itself in any one's mind.

There is a very simple test of this—let any one who reads these words say to himself or herself, "When did I last see a rag?" We should much like to know (although we will not invite them to write and tell us) how many readers would be able to answer the question promptly and decisively.

Many persons, perhaps, would define a rag as an irregular portion of any textile fabric, with torn edges or holes in it. But if the edges were cut straight, and the holes cut into circles, squares, or triangles would it cease to be a rag? Some, perhaps, would argue that the fabric must be worn or soiled. But cannot a new dress be torn to rags without being either the one or the other? Others might say that it must have ceased to be of any use or value; but this view will not bear examining for a minute. Conceive, for an instant, the possibility of the human figure undergoing some sudden change which caused it to present a totally different object to the tailor or dressmaker; would the whole of our present outfit fall immediately under the denomination of rag because it had ceased to be available? Then, indeed, we should be dwelling in a land of rags—so long, that is, as the garments were not either remodelled or sent to the paper mill.

Perhaps some enlightenment may be obtained if we consider what kind of fabrics are capable of being converted into rags. We remember an institution, familiar in early years, commonly known as a rag doll. It was an inconsistent being altogether; inasmuch as it often represented (correct us, please, young folks, if we are wrong) a personage arrayed in the very height of elegance and fashion, as well as comfort. Possibly the real rags were concealed under a fair exterior—as, alas! they sometimes must be on this mortal coil; if so, the sadness within was well balanced by the florid cheeks and sunny smile presented to the world.

But what class of materials may we regard as capable of conversion into rags? Apparently everything that is applied to decorative uses, from a Brussels carpet to a pair of lavender kids. Also many that have no claim to any ornamental function—such as a bath-towel or a main sail.

A certain number even of natural productions come into the same catalogue, such as an untrimmed shrub or a human beard. The term ragged has been applied in a poetic sense even to non-textile matters, such as clouds and mountains. This would seem to suggest some kind of affinity in meaning between ragged and rugged; and we may perhaps follow the etymology so far as to discover a like relationship between a rag and a rug.

Yet all this brings us no nearer to ascertaining what it is that actually constitutes "rags." Can any lady-reader inform us precisely how many holes or how many three cornered rents go to make a dress into "rags." If she can furnish an answer to this which will bear the criticism of a select committee of her own sex, we will allow her a whole column to print it in, should it fill that space. We have recently attempted to put definitions—or ought we to call them indefinitions?—on a good many doubtful phrases. Must we confess that even rags are a matter of degree?

It must be so, for, after all, a new coat or a ball dress are but rags with their raggedness kept out of sight.

All the contempt we fix upon the idea of rags is but comparative, and may disappear entirely when we look at the very same object from a different point of view. A paper-maker will talk to us about rags with a deference and respect, and will distinguish choice rags of fine quality, just as any connoisseur may stand upon the dignity of a rare old wine, which, after all, is nothing else than half rotten grape juice.

And it is worth remembering that, even without going to the paper-mill, there may be found places where the rags which would poison one man's content may be the making of another's. There may be an old coat or a shabby dress hidden away somewhere in our store, in which we would shudder to think of appearing in our favorite promenade; but which might be, it not a thing of beauty, at least a joy for many a bitter winter's day elsewhere. It is only the same thing doing another duty—for we live in a Land of Rags.

The cultivation of the faculty of knowing is of incomparably greater moment than the mere acquisition of knowledge. He is not the best of explorers or campaigners who is the most burdened with baggage, but he who knows how to forage well and how to make the best possible use of what he has or can obtain. So it is with the student; to know how to learn, so that when need arises knowledge may be quickly obtained, is a better provision for the business of life than is afforded by the largest or richest store of information packed away in the memory—perhaps so packed as to be inaccessible when wanted. If students for themselves, and teachers for their pupils, would insist on the importance of "learning how to learn," instead of cramming, there would be fewer disappointments in life and greater and more enduring successes. The vanity of carrying a huge quantity of information for the sake of display is contemptible. The folly of attaching any real value to vast stores of knowledge is pitiful. The only brain property worth carrying about is the power of finding at pleasure and learning at will precisely what is wanted; and this power cannot be acquired without considerable practice in the art of learning—an art which the student should make it a first object of his best endeavor to master.

If we analyze the acts we instinctively approve in ourselves and applaud in others, we shall find that many of them involve a certain degree of self sacrifice, while those which we deplore in ourselves and criticize in others involve some kind of self indulgence. The man who risks his own life to save another from the sinking vessel or the burning building, he who devotes his youth and energies to a philanthropic enterprise, he who habitually sacrifices his ease and comfort to soothe the declining years of an aged parent or to cheer the sick-bed of a wife or friend, awakens sympathy and approval from all. This instinct of our nature sufficiently proves the praiseworthiness of sacrifice and its value as a means of human progress.

This matter is worth looking at: A man says, "I am good for all my promises, and I will pay." But when a man's work is done—be he architect, lawyer, preacher or editor—compensation for service is due, unless by special agreement payment is to be made at some future time. To withhold that due is to defraud. We may call it some pet, fancy and less offensive name; but that is what God calls it. To withhold money after it is due is simply to take without consent that which belongs to another and use it for personal advantage. The mildest term by which to characterize such a proceeding, surely, is dishonesty. No matter whether the creditor needs it or not. He may be a millionaire, and the debtor a man in humble circumstaces. These things never enter, as considerations, in questions of justice and right. Truth is truth, right is right, and honesty is a principle that cannot be disregarded without suffering the consequences.

At no period of the world's history has the influence of woman, both directly and indirectly, been so fully acknowledged as to-day. The open college doors and the invitation to women to a wider field and more active participation in the busy world has had no effect to rob the sex of any womanly charm, as croakers foretold. When the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century is written, the historian will write over against the names of many women the word illustrious. In literature she has exerted most healthful influences, while in politics, as wives of Presidents and statesmen, the ennobling influences have been so marked and positive as to call out a Nation's thanks and gratitude. The most hopeful sign of the times is that these reforms will not go backward—that humanity will have its sympathies enlarged, and that the rights of every class will be more sacredly protected.

When philosophy has spoken its latest word, and science has published its most recent discovery, and biology has framed its final definition, not only of life, but of its origin, no thought comes nearer to the whole truth, no conception covers so many phenomena, no idea is so adequate and satisfying, as that revealed to the world by Christ—the thought that all life has its root in a personal God who is the father of all. Where, of necessity, all symbols of deity are imperfect, this is the most perfect and helpful, the most satisfying and beautiful. It is truth for the intellect, authority for the conscience, sovereignty for the will, magnet for the affections and aspirations, and lord of the practical life. Higher than any thought which science or philosophy can shape, truer than any the divinest art can depict, is this thought of a parental power, whose wisdom designs, whose strength sustains, whose will controls, and whose goodness perfects the world and all things in it.

Nature is the best posture master. An awkward man is graceful when asleep, or when hard at work, or agreeably amused. The attitudes of children are gentle, persuasive, royal, in their games and in their house talk, and in the street, before they have learned to cringe. 'Tis impossible but thought disposes the limbs and the walk. No art can contravene it or conceal it. Give me a thought, and my hands, and legs, and voice, and face will go right. And we are awkward for want of thought. The inspiration is scanty and does not arrive at the extremities.

The really generous man has pleasures of which the self-seeker knows nothing. Even with him the need of sacrifice is never outgrown; it only occupies a higher plane, as higher ideals open up to his view; and, containing as it does a germ of all progress, it is ever uplifting him to nobler regions and strengthening him for nobler efforts.

Every principle for individual or social guidance and elevation which is worth the name of principle, like the heavenly radiance which has centered around the manger at Bethlehem, finds its true source in Him who "spake as never man spake."

"My will, not thine, be done," turned Paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done," turned the desert into a paradise, and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven.

The men who do things naturally, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life.

The World's Happenings.

London has 950 charities.

Lead pencils are said to be consumed at the rate of 250,000 per day.

Mrs. Cleveland objects to uniformed policemen inside the White House.

A young man of Montreal is moon blind and cannot see at all in the evening.

Ice cream in the form of asparagus and cauliflower is said to be something new.

The population of the United States for 1890 is calculated by a San Francisco paper at 62,775,000.

Failures in the United States during 1886 numbered 10,568, against 11,116 during the preceding year.

"Montana turnips" is the name by which $500 or $700 lumps of bullion are known in that Territory.

Hard coal is said to be worth $13 a ton at Emporia, Kansas, and an advance of $2 a ton is threatened.

A lion killer named Ahmed Ben Ahmar is stated to have destroyed in 26 years, in Algeria, over 200 lions.

In a pillow belonging to Mrs. Durham, who died at Redfield, D. T., was found $2500 in bonds and currency.

The new aqueduct in New York has thus far caused the slaughter of 61 men and the serious injury of 128 others.

Locomotives now run in Jerusalem, and the shrill steam whistle is heard in the streets once trod by King David.

In 1876 the popular vote for Hayes was 4,033,295; Tilden, 4,284,265. In 1884 Blaine had 4,848,334; Cleveland, 4,911,017.

An Iowa weather prophet predicts a hot summer this year, and advises ice men to harvest extra crops this winter.

Steamed figs and fig fritters are new dishes at some hotels and restaurants where they study gastronomic novelties.

At Toledo, Iowa, J. Fitzgerald, while handling ice, let fall a large piece which struck him on the hand and cut off one of his fingers.

A convict in Sing Sing, N. Y., Prison has been discovered carrying on a systematic theft of shirts from the laundry of the institution.

A merchant at San Diego, Cal., lately received an order from an interior settlement for a Bible, a bowie knife and a stock of playing cards.

At an inquest held not long ago at Bath, England, respecting the death of an old lady, it was found that she had died from the results of a wasp sting.

Christopher Golder, an old man, who recently bought a lot in the village cemetery at Freeport, L. I., and built a house on it, has been declared insane.

A single sheet of paper, seventy two inches wide and seven and three-quarters miles long, has been made without a break in a paper mill at Watertown, N. Y.

The Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, was recently kicked into the street at Frankfort by a German sausage maker for insulting a woman in his shop.

A Japanese has invented a method of weaving carpets with feathers. The feathers are reduced to a silky state by the use of chemicals, and then woven like ordinary cotton.

Gladstone headed the list of names of the twelve greatest living men which received the prize at a recent London contest, and Grover Cleveland's name was placed of the Prince of Wales.

King Mouanga, of Uganda, Africa, has just massacred 100 negro converts to Christianity. Most of them were burned alive. He says he will destroy all the Christians in his kingdom.

A horse that was the pet of a young lady living at South River, N. J., a despatch from New Brunswick states, died recently, after showing unmistakable signs of grief since his mistress died, a week before.

The first direct consignment of Texas meat has just arrived in London. It comprised 4575 carcasses of chilled mutton, 740 quarters of beef, 300 turkeys, 48 fowls, 70 canvas-back ducks and 8 casks of tongues.

A big wolf attacked a little 8-year-old girl as she was driving cows to water near Comstock, Minnesota, but one of the cows charged the wolf, tossed it in the air and then the farmer's dog came to the rescue and the wolf fled.

A woman of 63 years, who left Amsterdam last May with a colony destined for Utah, under Mormon auspices, is the subject of inquiry in a letter written by her husband to the Superintendant of Castle Garden. He wants her back home.

A believer in Spiritualism died a few days ago in Louisville, Ky., and even a coroner's verdict would not satisfy his widow that he was really dead until a medium "called up his spirit" and had him personally assure her that he was out of the flesh.

The Paris reporters, through a committee of two, informed a lawyer of that city, who had publicly charged them with habitual exaggerations for sensational purposes, that he should either retract or fight. His apology has appeared in the city and provincial newspapers.

A Dakota citizen has invented a new kind of prairie schooner, or rather snow yacht. It will comfortably carry twenty persons, and in a recent trial trip made 22 miles in an hour. With the aid of a good wind the speed of thirty or forty miles an hour is claimed for it.

What the old alchemists failed to do, modern mechanics have accomplished, in effect at least. They have not exactly transmuted base metal into gold, but they are making polished iron jewelry that is as attractive in appearance as gold-filigree. The iron is highly polished, and reflects light like a diamond.

THE PARTING.

BY WM. W. LONG.

She looked upon him coldly, with a calm and quiet face,
And no shade of sadness rifined o'er her beauty or her grace;
Her mien was proud and stately, no tremor shook her hand,
As she handed back his letters—she, the fairest in the land.

His soul was filled with yearning as he looked into her eyes,
But their liquid depths were placid as the cloudless summer skies;
Then he whispered low and sadly, in a tender monotone,
That the night-winds softly wafted to the forest in a moan:

"Good-bye, good-bye, my darling, we shall never meet again,
I go afar to distant lands beyond the stormy main;
Thou hast bartered thy proud beauty for lands and gleaming gold,
And a bridegroom stern and selfish—a bridegroom gray and old."

They tell a passing story of the youth who sought her hand,
That he faded like a flower and died in a foreign land;
There are serpents at the fountain and a blight upon the flowers,
And dreams of life are broken in this strange-wrought world of ours.

Miss Brown.

BY A. J. B.

"WELL, mamma, I really think that you ought to make some overtures to grandpapa—in Rowly's interest you should."

"It would be of no use, Aileen."

"Nonsense, mamma; of course it would be of use! I am sure grandpapa would help us if he saw what very nice young people we are!"—with a laugh.

But Mrs. Bertrand shakes her head.

"You don't know your grandpapa as I do dear; he never forgave me for marrying your father, and he never forgave your poor father either, his own eldest son, and he would not come to him when he was dying."

"All the same," maintains Aileen stoutly, "people sometimes are very lenient towards their children's children."

"You don't know the Bertrands."

"Don't I? Why, I am a Bertrand myself! Now, mamma, as I am determined that that precious old grandpapa of ours shall be brought to his senses, let us have a plain statement of facts. Papa married you in spite of all opposition; his father cut him off without even the shilling; and, when we were babies, poor papa died, and that horrid old grandpapa never even came to see him. I think you said that the Court was not entailed, and grandpapa could leave it to whom he liked; and you believe—don't you?—that it all goes to his sister's son, Dick Ponsonby, who lives with him, while, in point of fact, Rowly, papa's only son, is the heir. Now, mamma, no lawyer could have stated the facts better or more clearly."

But Mrs. Bertrand only looked sadly at her daughter's bright face and sparkling dark eyes. Aileen is a striking likeness of herself; but the mother has never possessed the daughter's witchery of manner. Her beauty is only mere prettiness beside Aileen's charm of face and manner; and quaint and pretty the girl looks in her simple hospital-nurse costume. For long, Mrs. Bertrand, with the pride and poverty that usually go hand in hand, fought against Aileen's determination to do something for herself; but Aileen was firm, and, after serving for three years at one of the great hospitals, she has come home for a short time as a qualified trained nurse.

Rowland Bertrand, with the Bertrand blood in his veins, is as handsome and idle as any Bertrand that ever breathed. Sorely he rebels against the drudgery of office-work; and he hates and loathes the clerkship that his mother with infinite pains procured for him. He stands now, his handsome face flushed with excitement, looking at Aileen.

"Of course, mother, the Court ought to be mine," he says proudly. "My grandfather has no right to will away one acre of the property. I am the heir, the right and lawful heir." With undisguised contempt, he glances round the lodging-house drawing-room where they live. "Such a hole!" he mutters, then adds, "I say, mother, why don't you make it up with the old fellow?"

Mrs. Bertrand's thin face flushes.

"I could not do that, my boy, not even for you. I can never forget all Mr. Bertrand made your father suffer, nor how he let him die in poverty."

"I think it is false pride," says Rowly, whose life of knocking about has rubbed off some of the prejudice of his race. "What harm had you ever done, you poor little mouse of a mother, that grandpapa was so hard on you?"

"I was beneath the Bertrands in birth, dear—you know I was only the schoolmaster's daughter. I ought never to have married your father—I see that now; but we were young and foolish, and we thought our love would make up for everything."

The sad face grows troubled. Aileen kisses her mother, saying—

"And so it did too, I am sure, mamma."

Mrs. Bertrand smiles wistfully; perhaps she is thinking of those dead-and-gone days when her young passionate sweetheart came to woo.

* * * * *

"I have a sudden order to go to the country, mamma, to nurse an old gentleman with gout; I am to go at once."

It is a week later when Aileen hurries in with this intelligence.

"Where is it, dear?"

"I will write and send the address," Aileen answers somewhat evasively. "And now I must see that you have everything in the house you want, for I may be away for some time; it is rather a serious case."

"Oh don't mind me, dear! How flushed you look Aileen!"

"Do I, mamma?" Aileen puts up her hands to her hot cheeks and laughs. "I hurried home. I must run and put my things together now."

Meeting Rowly, she drags him unceremoniously into another room, and whispers in a tone of wild excitement—

"Oh, Rowly, such luck! But I daren't tell mamma. I am sent for to nurse grandpapa, who is suffering from an attack of gout."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, but I do; and I am 'Miss Brown,' remember, and grandpapa will never know. Oh, isn't it glorious? Won't I make love to him, and work on the pride of the Bertrands; and won't I snub that mean fellow Dick Ponsonby!"

"By Jove, it is a queer turn up! Fancy you nursing him! 'Miss Brown'—I musn't forget that. What a good job if he sees the errors of his ways! Hurrah! Already I see myself master of the Court!"

* * * * *

The Court lies in deep shadow that November afternoon, all its turrets and gables standing darkly against the wintry skies, and the heavy sombre yews that for centuries have been clipped and trimmed and pruned stand black and grim as sentinels beside the old house. Up the drive, under the bare elms, comes a horseman leisurely.

Dick Ponsonby has had a good day's hunting, and his horse is taking his own time home. Arrived at the door, the young man swings himself out of the saddle, gives the horse to a servant, and then passes into the lighted hall.

"Is the master any better, Hartnell?"

"No, sir," replies an individual who has approached noiselessly. He is old Mr. Bertrand's own man, and Dick Ponsonby, the heir, for some unknown reason, dislikes him cordially. "The carriage has gone for the nurse, sir; she comes this evening," the man adds.

"I know;" and Dick Ponsonby passes through the hall and up the stairs, with the light falling on his broad shoulders and fair head.

A fine specimen of manhood he looks in his red hunting-coat.

"Well, grandfather, how do you find yourself this evening?" he asks, bursting into Mr. Bertrand's room, utterly unconscious that his boisterous behavior is an insult to the crotchety, gouty old gentleman who is extended on a couch with one leg swathed like a mummy.

"Confound you, Dick, bursting in like that! How could I be any better, with that fool Hartnell knowing no more than a baby?" the old man exclaims, twisting and turning about till one of his pillows falls on the floor.

"I'll pick it up," Dick says cheerily, and pushes the pillow with extreme awkwardness under his grandfather's head, the rapid movement eliciting a shout from the patient and an indignant request to be left alone.

"And that fool of a nurse has never turned up! The carriage gone to two trains—the horses chilled to death walking up and down! Some old fool of a woman, suppose, who has lost her way! Confound it all, what did Gordon order me a nurse for?"

"Miss Brown, your nurse, sir!" interposes Hartnell's smooth voice; and, before Mr. Bertrand can well grunt out, "Oh, she has come, has she?" Aileen appears, a radiant vision of youth and loveliness, in the room.

"There must be a mistake," stammers the old man; while Dick stares in astonishment.

"There is no mistake, Mr. Bertrand," Aileen says, with a slight quiver of the voice; for now that she stands face to face with her grandfather, her heart fails her. "I am the nurse. I received my orders and came at once;" and, without any fuss, she quietly picks up the pillow that has fallen to the floor, and swiftly and gently settles it in its place.

The old gentleman lies back contentedly.

"Sad, it's the first time I have been comfortable to-day! But, my dear, you are too young and too pretty to be a nurse."

"Those are faults that time will mend, sir," Aileen answers, smiling; and she arranges a little table and brings forward a shaded lamp so that the light falls pleasantly. "I have brought the evening papers sir, if you care to have them."

"Good girl! It is weary work, lying here all dry, and Dick, my grandson, only laughs at me."

"Indeed I don't!" interposes Dick. "You will find my grandfather a very difficult patient to manage, Miss Brown."

"I am accustomed to manage difficult patients," Aileen responds, with a by no means friendly glance.

"So he is the heir!" thinks Aileen, who, in spite of her brave manner, is feeling horribly, miserably nervous, dreading discovery every moment.

* * * * *

"She must come down to dinner any way!" thinks Dick, who is quite looking forward to a pleasant evening.

But he is doomed to disappointment. The butler informs him that Miss Brown is having tea and a cutlet in her own room, and is not coming down to-night. So he dines in solemn grandeur by himself and afterwards proceeds to his grandfather's room again, where he finds Miss Brown reading aloud and the old gentleman dozing blissfully.

Aileen holds up a warning finger.

"You must come in more quietly, Mr. Ponsonby."

"I beg your pardon," responds Dick, in a stage-whisper; "I always come in like that—I forget, you know."

How pretty she is, with her flushed cheeks and soft brown hair! And the prim quaint dress and little white cap make her look prettier still.

"Hallo, Dick!" Mr. Bertrand wakes up with a start. "I believe I was dozing. I am very sorry, Miss Brown—upon my word I am!"

Aileen turns her soft face towards him.

"Please don't say a word. Do you know I am always so glad when my reading sends my patients to sleep."

Dick finds himself wishing that he were ill in order that he might have Miss Brown to read him to sleep. How provoking she is, getting up and going away just as he enters, and leaving him to listen to the grumbling and complaining of a selfish old man!

Dick is to be his heir; but in Mr. Bertrand's heart of heart ever slumbers the passionate love for his dead son. The pride of the Bertrands is stronger than all however. He will never forgive nor forget.

"I shall never pull through this, Dick; it has shaken me terribly!"

"Nonsense, grandpapa; you will be all right again!"

"Never in this world, Dick. You will be master here soon."

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"Might I ask you to pour out the tea?"

Aileen has come down to breakfast, fresh and sweet as a daisy: and Dick has held out an eager hand in greeting. This system of lady-nurses is a very nice one, he thinks. She takes her place and pours out his tea, and he looks at her.

"Don't you tire awfully of being a nurse?" he asks.

"No; it is my profession," she answers, with a dimple appearing in her cheek.

"But it must be very hard work. May I cut you some ham, Miss Brown?"

"Work is always hard," Aileen rejoins grimly; and then her gray eyes are suddenly raised. "I think Mr. Bertrand is very ill. Has he no near relatives?"

"Not that I know of. I am the nearest, I believe," Dick says carelessly.

Aileen flushes hotly. So their very existence is unknown!

"You are not a Bertrand, Mr. Ponsonby?"

"No, Miss Brown; I am a Ponsonby."

Is he laughing at her? Aileen thinks he is; but she goes on recklessly—

"I know some Bertrands, and I think—I know they are the same family."

"Possibly," Dick says coolly, helping himself to marmalade. "I have never heard of them, though."

"I suppose you do not take much interest in them?" Aileen remarks with forced calmness.

"To tell the truth, I don't," Dick acknowledges frankly. "My uncle Rowland—he was the eldest son and the heir—made a low match, and he was disinherited. Perhaps your friends are his children. Oh, I beg your pardon!" he cries hastily. "Have I said anything rude?"—for Aileen's eyes are blazing with anger.

A low match! A lump rises in her throat as the words fall upon her ears. Is that the way they speak of her mother—her sweet, patient, gentle mother?

"I forgot they were friends of yours," Dick says penitently. "I am very sorry. Please forgive me!"

"If they are friends of mine, they must be your cousins as well," Aileen responds, in a trembling voice, somewhat mesherently.

"I suppose they are; but, you see, poor uncle Rowland married beneath him."

"Of course it is to your interest to leave them in obscurity," Aileen remarks, steadying her voice with a great struggle.

"My interest? Oh, I don't care! Mr. Bertrand would never hear their name mentioned. What are they like, Miss Brown? They must be nice or they would not be friends of yours."

"Oh, please"—a smile curling her lips—"don't take the trouble to pay me compliments! But I may tell you that your cousin Rowland is as proud and noble as any Bertrand that ever lived."

"Sets the wind in that quarter?" thinks Dick dolefully. "Of course she is in love with him. What a fury she is in!" Aloud he says, "I haven't the slightest doubt of it; but unfortunately I cannot further his interests. My grandfather would snap my head off if I only mentioned his name."

"And doubtless, Mr. Ponsonby, you do not find it a very arduous task to keep silence;" and, with as much dignity as she can muster, she rises and leaves the room, furious with him, hating him; and yet what a pity it is—Dick Ponsonby is so nice-looking!

* * * * *

For a fortnight Miss Brown has been head nurse. She has taken the household by storm. Every one has fallen in love with her, from Mr. Bertrand and the doctor down to Dick Ponsonby; and perhaps the last named has taken the complaint the most seriously of all—all the more so because Miss Brown has never a civil word to spare for him. She is as cold as ice, and very unkind to him, and always talking of those Bertrands, for ever lauding that unknown Rowland Bertrand!

Dick hates him, and yet he begins to think he is defrauding this young man of his inheritance.

And how thoughtful and gentle Aileen is with the old man—always so bright, so pleasant, a perfect nurse!

One day Dick is brought home in a carriage, with a very pale face and his shoulder out, the result of an ugly fall while hunting; and yet he is glad when he sees Aileen's sweet face pale suddenly and for once her eyes look kindly on him.

"You must nurse me now," he says, with a smile, trying to bear the pain bravely. "I want you more than the old man."

So he does: and for the next few days Aileen is gentleness itself, and does not say one unkind word. She sits with him, reads to him, and is very shy and winning. Sometimes he thinks she looks sad; and then he gets angry, and tells himself she is fretting for "that fellow Bertrand!" And he sulks even when Aileen is sitting at his side cutting up his dinner for him, and waiting on him as if he were a baby.

"You do all this only out of pity," he says one day, looking into her face.

"What else should I do it for?" Aileen retorts, with crimson cheeks, and leaves him to himself.

In an hour she returns with a great mass of sweet wet violets in her hands.

"For me?" he asks smiling.

"No—for Mr. Bertrand;" and she buries her face in the blossoms.

"Well, you might give me some," he persists, watching her settling her flowers in an old china bowl.

She leaves a small bunch beside the bowl, and he comes over and stands beside her.

"Are those for me?"

"No; I am going to send these away by post."

He draws back at once.

"To that fellow Bertrand, I presume?"

"Yes," Aileen answers calmly, a smile dancing in her eyes. "Poor Rowly! He might at least be spared a few flowers from the Court!"

"Poor Rowly!" cries Dick furiously; and at this instant Mr. Bertrand's man Hartnell appears upon the scene, treading noiselessly—so noiselessly that both the young people start as his voice breaks the silence.

"Miss Brown, my master desires your presence, if you please."

"I am coming," Aileen says, gathering up her flowers hastily, without one glance at Dick's furiously angry face.

Hartnell looks furtively from one to the other, and he takes in the situation, then he steals away again.

Aileen, in her haste, has left the little bunch of violets on the table. Dick takes them up, crushes them in his hand, and pitches them into the fire.

"He shall never have them, at any rate!" he thinks savagely, and, seizing a guide-book, begins to plan a trip to the other side of the world.

* * * * * *

Very cautiously, and with much quaking of heart, Aileen mentions the name of his grandchildren to old Mr. Bertrand, watching to see the effect of her words. At first he gets angry, says they are nothing to him and changes the subject; and Aileen waits patiently for a better opportunity.

"Your grandson is very like you, sir," she says one evening, keeping her face well in shadows as she speaks.

The old man stirs uneasily and then mutters—

"He must be like his father then;" and the girl's heart leaps as she answers breathlessly—

"Yes; he is the very image of his father."

"Dark, I suppose?"

"Yes, just like the face in the picture in the dining-room."

"That was taken when I was one-and-twenty; you wouldn't think that, I suppose?"

"Indeed it is very like you still, Mr. Bertrand;" and the sweet flattery pleases the old man.

"Tell me about my son's children," he says presently, with an odd quaver in his voice. "Dick Ponsonby is a good fellow; but he is not a Bertrand, not a Rowland."

Aileen's cheeks flame; her heart beats violently; she has roused his sympathy at last, awakened memories of long ago.

Dreamily Mr. Bertrand gazes into the fire and listens to her story, and at last she says to him, with a passionate quiver in her voice—

"He is your own grandson, sir, a Bertrand every inch, and he is only a poor clerk in an office, and very, very poor."

For herself she will make no appeal, and somehow her loyalty to Rowly seems like treachery to Dick Ponsonby.

"How mean he will think me, how he will despise me," she thinks, hot shamed blushes scorching her cheeks, "when he knows that I came here under false pretences, to take away his inheritance from him."

"Dick will have the Ponsonby estates, and his mother had property that will come to him too," Mr. Bertrand remarks half aloud; and then he looks at Aileen. "I am getting old, my dear, and I see things differently; my boy broke my heart, and yet I can't feel hard to his son now."

"You couldn't if you only saw him," Aileen cries impulsively; "and he feels so much that he is an outcast."

"Is—is his mother poor?"

The old man puts the question with difficulty. He may think kindly of his son's child, but he cannot forgive his mother.

Aileen winces, and then answers quite steadily—

"Yes; very poor; but they manage to live. She does not mind for herself, only for Rowly."

"You seem to know them very well?"

"Yes, very well." Aileen responds a little confusedly.

In the morning she lays a photograph in the old man's hands.

"That is Rowland Bertrand," she says simply, and moves away that he may look at it unwatched; and presently she hears him whisper—

"That is my son, my very son!"

He gives it back to her, and is very silent the remainder of the day. He says no more about the Bertrands, but his face looks wistful and sad, and he is not even cross when Dick breaks in upon the pleasant calm.

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Mr. Bertrand is better, and has come down to the library, where he is happy amongst his books and papers. Miss Brown however is to be a fixture for the present.

"Don't leave me, my dear; your sweet face does an old man good," he says.

And so Aileen stays, and day by day he talks to her of Rowly when Dick is not in the room; and day by day Dick falls more hopelessly in love.

* * * * *

"My dear, I will do my dead son justice!"

Old Mr. Bertrand looks up at Aileen as he speaks. The moment of triumph has come, and yet she does not feel as happy as she expected she would. She feels as if she were a traitor in the camp.

"Come back after dinner, Miss Brown," Mr. Bertrand says; "I have something to say to you. I want you to write and tell this grandson of mine to come, that I may make his acquaintance."

"You will love him when you see him." Aileen's voice is trembling, her eyes are full of tears. "Please Mr. Bertrand, may I leave you to-morrow? You really do not want a nurse now, and I have—there is sure to be another case waiting for me."

"I shall miss you very much. You have made a cross old man very happy, child."

"I have only done my duty, sir."

As she sits at dinner with Dick Ponsonby she tells him that on the morrow she is going away. Dick's face grows troubled.

"I dare say you are delighted to go," he remarks ungraciously.

But Aileen does not look glad; there is a tremor in her voice.

"I have to go," she almost whispers. "Mr. Bertrand is nearly well; he does not want me any more."

"Perhaps somebody else wants you," Dick begins desperately, looking into her flushed startled face; but, as has happened before, Hartnell's voice interrupts suddenly at the door—

"If you please, Miss Brown, my master wants you, if you have quite finished dinner."

So Aileen goes, and an hour later Dick Ponsonby, passing through the hall, sees a letter addressed to "Rowland Bertrand, Esq.," lying on the hall table, waiting for the post; and, with a passionate exclamation, he marches off to the smoking-room thoroughly out of sorts.

And nobody sees Mr. Bertrand's man Hartnell remove the letter to his own room, and, after careful manipulation over a cup of hot water, master the contents of the letter, and then replace it in the envelope.

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"When I die now, the next heir will step in," Mr. Bertrand says the words with a smile; beside him stands Aileen, with pale cheeks and parted lips, and on the hearth smoulders a sheet of paper. "Poor Dick! Well, he will be rich without it, and my heart yearns over Rowland's boy."

The destruction of her grandfather's will Aileen watches with mingled feelings—half pleasure, half pain. Once or twice she is tempted to tell who she is, and then she thinks again it will be wiser not. Dick—well, she need never meet him again! Rowly will be happy; but she—she will never set foot in the Court again as long as she lives. Let Dick think of her always as Miss Brown; he need never know any more.

Old Mr. Bertrand however is quite cheerful.

"It is a load off my mind," he says presently. "I often felt I had been hard on Rowland; but I never knew he had a son; and, my dear, I like to think that one of the old name, one of my own flesh and blood, will reign here when I am gone."

Aileen says nothing, but stares through heavy unshed tears at the smouldering embers that tell that Dick Ponsonby's heritage has been taken away from him.

"My dear, will you please take my keys and open that cupboard? You will find a roll of notes there; hand them to me."

Aileen obeys and the old man lays the money in her hand.

"That is one hundred pounds. My grandson's mother must not remain in poverty any longer."

The blood rushes to Aileen's forehead. For a moment she is tempted to cry out that she cannot take the money. Then, with a gasp, she remembers her part—that she is only Miss Brown, the hospital-nurse. The little drama is not quite played out yet.

"You are very kind, Mr. Bertrand. Shall I take this money, and give it myself from you to Rowly's mother?"

"Yes, my dear, that will be best. And now leave me. Good night. I have much to think over. Tell Dick not to disturb me—he need not know of this"—pointing to the ashes on the hearth—"and I will ring for Hartnell when I want him."

"Good night, Mr. Bertrand," Aileen answers quietly, and leaves the room, little thinking that this is the last time she will ever hear the old man's voice.

It is late—nearly eleven o'clock. Just outside the library door she meets Dick. In her hand she carries the roll of notes, and, with a sudden air of confusion, she smuggles them into her pocket.

"Her pay as nurse, I suppose," Dick thinks. "The old man must have paid her uncommonly well."

Some of the notes fall upon the floor. Dick picks them up and hands them back to her. Aileen is in a panic: her hands are shaking, her face is very pale and wild.

"Good-bye," she says suddenly. "I am going early to-morrow; and forgive me if you can."

"I have nothing to forgive," Dick answers, now nearly as agitated as herself. "You could not help loving him best."

She looks at him blankly, and then her face grows cold and hard.

"Better let him think so," she says to herself—"better let him think anything than know I am an impostor."

"Is my grandfather awake still?" Dick asks, after a brief pause.

Miss Brown appears to have taken leave of her senses, for he can only make out from her tremulous words that Mr. Bertrand is not to be disturbed any more to-night, that he told her to tell him so, and that he would ring for Hartnell when he wanted him.

"All right! Good night, Miss Brown."

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Whether Mr. Bertrand ever rings for Hartnell no one ever knows. In the early winter morning a woman's shriek echoes through and through the house, feet fly hither and thither, scream follows scream; white-faced servants all gather round the cold lifeless body of the master of the house, who has been murdered, they see, by the blood that flows from his side on to the floor.

Dick Ponsonby, shocked and horrified, sends off for doctors and police, and Hartnell obeys his orders with alacrity.

"Look here, sir!" he says, pointing to the open escritoire. "It looks like robbery, Mr. Ponsonby!"

And through them all comes Aileen, pale and horror-stricken. Dead—murdered!—the kind old man whom she left alive and well last night! She is inexpressibly grieved and shocked, and looks with tears rolling down her cheeks, at the dead face. Who could have done it? Who could have committed the brse deed?

"He never rang for me at all," declares Hartnell solemnly. "I met Miss Brown at eleven o'clock, and she told me my master would ring when he required me; and, as I never heard the bell, I thought Mr. Ponsonby had seen him to his room."

It is evident that Miss Brown was the last person who saw the old gentleman alive. That the murder was committed for robbery is plain, for, after the deed was done, the safe, writing-desk, and various private drawers had been opened with Mr. Bertrand's own keys, and money and valuables taken; and, worse than all, the collection of family diamonds.

"It must have been the work of a professional," Dick Ponsonby declares, in conclave with the police-officer.

But on further examination it looks as if the murder was committed by some one in the house, for there is no mark of any one having gone out by door or window. And the horrible mystery deepens; for all the servants are old, tried, and faithful retainers.

The dead body of the late master is laid in his own bed, grim and ghastly, to await an inquest. When they are lifting him they find a torn morsel of cambric in his clinched fingers—a shred of a pocket handkerchief; there are two letters marked on it—"A. B.," entwined in a monogram.

Miss Brown recognizes the morsel of cambric as a portion of one of her pocket-handkerchiefs, but breaks down in a fit of nervousness as she acknowledges the fact. How it got into the dead man's hand and what happened to the rest of the handkerchief is a mystery; and there is also no trace of the weapon by which the murder was committed. It must have been a sharp pointed knife, and the blow must have pierced the heart directly, producing instantaneous death.

Dick Ponsonby is sitting by himself, very grieved, troubled and perplexed, when a knock comes to the door, and Hartnell enters softly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he begins standing just inside the door.

"Come in, Hartnell. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Yes, sir, something you ought to know. Mary, the housemaid has just found this, sir."

He holds out a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood and with one corner torn off.

"Where did she get it, Hartnell?"

The man looked cautiously over his shoulder and then whispers—

"In Miss Brown's room, sir—under the mattress."

"How on earth could it have got there?" ejaculates Dick in surprise.

"Not unless it was put there sir, and that perhaps Miss Brown can say. And, further, sir, it would seem as if Miss Brown was not Miss Brown at all."

"What the deuce do you mean?" cries Dick, staring at the man's face, utterly bewildered.

Hartnell bears the scrutiny in an immovable manner.

"Would it surprise you, Mr. Ponsonby, to know that Miss Brown is your own cousin Miss Bertrand, and that she came here on purpose to make the master alter his will?"

"Good heaven! Is it possible?"

Dick is very human. Into his mind leaps only one thought—that in that case this Rowland he has been so jealous of is only Aileen's brother. No other idea has crossed his mind as yet.

Hartnell proceeds with a cool deliberate manner.

"Yes, sir; she is no more Miss Brown than I am, and I can prove it"—taking several strips of paper out of his pocket. "I had my suspicions, Mr. Ponsonby, from one or two words she let fall. This, sir, is a letter from her brother—she made it into spills, but I pieced them—and this is the copy of what is written there"—producing a piece of paper and laying it before the astonished Dick.

"My dearest Aileen—A line to say how delighted I am to know that you think the king will soon have his own again. Once the will is done away with, the old gentleman may depart as suddenly as he chooses for all I care—the sooner the better. He has never done anything for me.

"Your loving brother, "ROWLEY."

Dick raises rather a stern pale face after reading the letter copied in Mr. Hartnell's cramped hand.

"Well?"

"Well, sir, would you be surprised to hear that in the ashes in the library grate are the remains of the master's will? Come and see for yourself!"

With a confused dread of something terrible impending, Dick follows the man to the library and unlocks the door. He shudders as he sees the blood upon the carpet.

"There, sir!"

Dick looks. Yes; the fire has not quite done its work. Amongst the heap of ashes lie some small charred portions of the paper.

Dick gathers them, makes a packet of them, seals it, and lays it in a drawer.

"But this proves nothing," he says, with a sudden trembling of voice.

Hartnell's face is gray as he comes a step nearer.

"Mr. Ponsonby, are you blind, sir? Was not she the last person here last night? Did she not tell you, did she not tell me, not to disturb him? Listen, sir?"—as Dick gives an incredulous gasp of horror. "Could she not have come up behind the poor old master, so, and he dozing, and then afterwards have taken the keys and burned the will and taken the money?"

"I won't believe it!" cries Dick Ponsonby, with blanched face. "Why, I met her leaving the room!"

"And was she calm as usual?"

And then Dick remembers, with a sudden awful horror, Aileen's confusion and agitation of last night, and the roll of money in her hand.

"Say nothing of all this!" he gasps. "It could not be—it is not true!"

A light of triumph gleams in Hartnell's eyes.

"It is too late, to keep it secret, sir. The police know all; I had to tell. It is very sad, sir—so young a lady; but it is of no use concealing it."

And Dick Ponsonby goes away like a man suddenly bereft of reason. He hurries to see the police-inspector and the magistrate. But facts are stubborn things; and before nightfall a warrant is issued for the arrest of Miss Aileen Bertrand, alias Brown.

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With eyes wild with horror, Aileen faces Dick Ponsonby, her hands holding his like a vice.

"They say I murdered him!" she cries, in a voice choked with horror. "Why, you know I didn't—I couldn't! Oh, Mr. Ponsonby tell me it is a mistake!" She is shaking and shivering in a paroxysm of fear.

"It will be all right; don't be frightened," he says, trying to speak bravely. "It is all some horrible mistake; it is all because they have found out you are not Miss Brown, but Aileen Bertrand."

Her scared eyes look up into his.

"I know," she whispers—"it was all for Rowly. I thought I would persuade grandpapa to leave the place to Rowly; and last night"—catching her breath and speaking very low—"he burnt the will himself, and said he would do justice to his son; and then he told me to go away, as he was tired and that is all." Then, looking with desperate earnestness into his face, she asks, "You believe me?"

Poor Dick! She is the only woman he has ever cared for; and, without a word, he puts his strong young arms around her, and holds her close to his heart.

"I believe you, my darling, against all the world!" he whispers brokenly; and for a moment they forget all the trouble and sorrow in the present moment of happiness. But Aileen remembers and clings to him, sobbing.

"I am so frightened!" she cries wildly. "I did no harm; it was all half a joke at first. How could I tell that you—that you——"

"That I should be so nice?" whispers Dick, trying to be cheerful; but a lump is in his throat and a feeling of anxiety at his heart. "And I thought, dear," he says still struggling to speak lightly, "that Rowland Bertrand was a sweetheart of yours; and you cannot imagine how wretched I was, Aileen"—uttering her name in a hushed shy voice.

But the girl's face is wild with fear.

"You won't let them take me to prison, Dick? You will save me—promise, promise to save me!"

"I will do all I can!" he cries in an agony though even now he hears the sound of wheels outside and knows the hour is come. "Trust all to me," he says hastily. "There is some awful mistake;" and his face is as agitated as hers.

"Save me—oh, Dick, Dick!" cries Aileen convulsively, as the door opens, and the ruthless arm of the law appears in the form of a police-sergeant and two men.

"Trust me!" whispers Dick, holding her trembling hand close, though well he knows he can do little to help her now.

* * * * * *

It is over. Pale as death, passive now from sheer terror, Aileen is gone, in spite of all Dick Ponsonby's passionate protestations of there being some awful, horrible mistake. Every link seems complete—the torn handkerchief, the burnt will, and the roll of notes discovered in poor Aileen's box. The diamonds are missing still; but every hole and corner of the Court is being ransacked; while the late master lies cold and still under a white sheet.

Rowly arrives in a passion of rage and grief; Dick having telegraphed for him, and he finds he can do nothing but wait in an agony of impatience.

"You are master now, Rowly," Dick Ponsonby says, with a sickly smile.

Rowly stares at him, and Dick explains.

"The old man left no will, you know, so of course you are the heir."

All the passion of the Bertrands shakes Rowly like a frenzy.

"And they say, do they not," he gasps, "that Aileen murdered my grandfather and destroyed the will? Why could not you have done something—anything rather than let my sister lie under such a charge as that?"

Dick looks at his cousin with eyes full of misery.

"It is as bad for me," he says very gently and the two young men clasp hands in silence.

* * * * * *

Nothing is talked of but the murder at the Court; at every fireside nothing else is discussed; it forms the staple topic of conversation in every public-house. In one a little stir is suddenly occasioned by a stranger—a tall gray-haired woman—stalking in. She breaks in upon the conversation with a strange remark.

"The young lady never harmed a hair of his head; but justice will be done yet."

She is mad, they say, and pay no heed to her words; and the tall woman with the gray hair stalks out again. And before the next evening the whole country is supping on a fresh horror. Hartnell, the late Mr. Bertrand's own man, has been found in a grove nearly dead, stabbed in the back.

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"He can't live"—so the doctor says; and Hartnell turns his face to the wall and moans.

"That fiend!" he mutters.

Dick Ponsonby and Rowly are sitting in silence in the dining-room, each wrapped in his own thoughts, when a message is brought to say that a woman wants to see Mr. Ponsonby at once.

"Who is she?" he asks; and the man says the woman is a stranger, and declares her message is urgent.

She looks a strange creature enough, tall and gaunt, with gray hair and wild eyes.

"I want to see the wounded man," she says abruptly. "He will know well enough who I am."

"You mean Hartnell?" Dick asks, wondering if the woman is an escaped lunatic.

"Perhaps he calls himself 'Hartnell'; his name was 'Harper' when I knew him. And so he has been hiding here all these years. Do you know, gentlemen, that he is an expired-ticket-o'-leave man?"

"Good heavens!" cries Dick, while a great hope springs to life. "You know him, you say?"—turning eagerly to the woman.

"Take me to him," she says iconically, "and you will see."

That he knows her is evident by the look of abject shrinking horror on his face, which is drawn and pale with pain. She stands looking down at him with a cold smile of triumph.

"So, Richard Harper, you have met your doom?" she says grimly; and he cries out wildly—

"Let me die in peace—let me die!"

The woman then turns to Dick, and, with hand upraised, says—

"Sir, this man is the curse of my life. He ruined my child, my only daughter; then he murdered her child and let her suffer for it—ten long years' imprisonment. Heaven only knows what his life has been. Year by year I have sought for him, and at last—— Ay, Richard Harper, you may well shrink and cower! Now deny it you can. I and the woman you deceived saw you; the window was open, the shutters were not closed." Her voice grows lower and more intense. "You, Richard Harper—you know best how, when the old man lay sleeping in his chair, you stabbed him to the heart! We saw you—we both saw you! And you know best how you took the keys from his dead hand and opened his desk and places; and you know best too where your plunder is hidden. And we saw you tear a handkerchief, and fasten part in his dead fingers, and——"

She stops, for, with convulsed features, Hartnell is sitting up staring at her.

"You saw me?" he gasps out.

"Yes; and to-day I watched you and saw you bury your plunder in the grove; and all at once I only remembered that you destroyed my child's happiness, and I drove a knife into your back. Coward, traitor, murderer, I avenged my child!"—her words rising to a shriek.

"Is this true?" Dick Ponsonby asks his voice very stern.

The dying man looks at him for a moment, like an animal at bay, with glaring eyes, and then his head drops, and he speaks sullenly.

"That she-fiend has done for me; the game is up; I am dying! Yes, it is all true!"

"And you laid the guilt at another's door!" Dick says more sternly, thinking of all Aileen has gone through, of all the anxiety and anguish she is suffering now. "I will write your confession; you will sign it?"

"I will do anything, if you will only take that woman away! I buried the knife too," he mutters. "'Twas bad luck, infernal bad luck!"

Dick dares not leave him; so he sends down stairs for Rowly, and whispers hastily what he has heard; and in less than an hour the man's dying confession has been written and signed, and the strange witnesses of the murder are in safe keeping.

Before the morning Hartnell is dead.

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The inquest is over; the diamonds have been found buried in the grove. The whole tragedy is brought to light, and all is clear as noon-day to the whole world.

But Aileen cannot easily forget those terrible hours of darkness and solitude; and tremblingly she receives Rowly's eager congratulations.

"And mother never knew one word about it. Didn't I manage well?" he asks, trying to stop the tears he sees coming. "I only told her poor grandfather was dead and I had come in for everything. Aileen, you little goose, don't be upset!"

Somebody comes out of the twilight, and Rowly slips discreetly away.

"Darling," whispers Dick passionately, "I suffered as much as you; let me comfort you!"

Uncle Sam.

BY G. B. STUART.

FRED!"

"My dear!"

"Would it bother you very much to brush my hair a little? I have such a headache—mamma used to do it—and it is such a relief!"

"Of course! Only I'm afraid I am such a clumsy brute I shall not do it right. However, you must tell me if I hurt you, and I'll get into the way of it directly. So—is that comfortable?"

"Delicious!"

Fred Chantry and his Evelina had been married six weeks, and had passed a month of real housekeeping at the Laurels, after a fortnight's honeymoon at Shanklin.

The Laurels was a brand new villa in a suburban road, where the ruts would engulf a good sized perambulator. There was not, despite its suggestive name, a bush or tree within sight of the house.

Yet Evelina Chantry still declared that she liked the approach to her new home far better than the gloomy avenue which wound through her father's park.

"A lot of trees about a place are so unwholesome, you know," she would say.

To-day Fred had just come home and divested himself of his coat, with a view to doing a little gardening, when his wife's plaintive appeal substituted a hair-brush for the intended spade.

Evelina lay on her bed-room sofa in a pretty white tea-gown, and Fred, astride a chair at the back of the couch, brushed vigorously and rythmically at her long golden locks.

"Are you better, my love?"

"Ever so much! You do it beautifully; better than mamma!"

"You ought to have a maid to look after you, Evelina. I was a selfish brute to marry you on $1500 a year, and bring you to a hole like this!"

"How dare you, Fred, talk of my house as a hole? As for a maid, one of my chief objects in marrying you was to escape from Dawkins—she led me such a life. Who wants a maid when they have a husband who can brush hair as you do?"

"Well, I always did say you were the pluckiest girl in the world; this last month has proved it, if I hadn't known it before. You've been up to the stores, I suppose, to-day?"

"Yes, and I've got a new list, and everything is so wonderfully cheaper than we can buy it in the little poky shops down here; I shall get everything there."

"And you have been working the sewing-machine?"

"Yes; I did half-a-dozen dusters and seven muslin blinds, and I have almost finished hanging them—didn't you notice the top windows as you came along?"

"Hence the headache."

"Oh, the headache's nothing—it is almost gone—I think I really only wanted to see whether you would do what I asked you still or not. We've been married more than a month, you know."

"You darling!" Here Mr. Chantry suspended operations with the hair-brush, and kissed the top of his wife's head. "All the same," he continued, "I do feel every day that I was wrong in letting you generously sacrifice yourself to a poor man like myself when your own home was so different from——"

"Fred, you couldn't help yourself—I would marry you."

"I couldn't help myself—that's true enough. But ought to have managed my uncle better. I ought to have pretended to take his advice, or something, to conciliate the old curmudgeon. Who would ever have dreamed of his having the brutality to stop my allowance when I married? 'If you can afford to marry, I am sure you can afford to do without my hundred a year,' he wrote to me, and I've never heard a word of him since. That hundred a year would make all the difference between ease and drudgery for you."

"Nonsense, Fred! I am sure it is cheaper for you married than as you lived single. Do you know old Mrs. Graham charged me twelve cents a pot for marmalade, and I can get the very best at the stores for 8 cents down? Why, in marmalade alone we must save half your income's allowance! Besides, he's sure to come round by-and-bye; he'll tell he has been one!"

"I had ought to bring him to his senses if anything will," Fred admitted.

Mr. Chantry's chair commanded a side-view of the rutty suburban road and the semi-circular "sweep" in front of the Laurels.

"Good Heavens, Lina!" he cried, suddenly starting up and dropping his wife's ivory-back brushes, the glory of her trousseau; "there's a station fly stopping at the gate, and somebody bundling out. It's either your mother—or—no—bless my soul! it's my uncle!"

"Uncle Sam?" gasped Lina.

"Uncle Sam, as I'm alive. White hat, comforter, malacca cane and all. Whatever has he come for? To slang me, I suppose."

"To look at me," said Lina, "and to make it up with you. We must make it very pleasant for him, Fred, and you see if your allowance doesn't recommence from to-morrow morning."

"Oh, dash it," sighed poor Fred, "I hate eating humble pie to an old villain who could play his own sister's son such a dirty trick as he played me. However," dragging on his coat, "I suppose I must go down and see him. Shall I say you are coming?" as Marry tapped at the door and announced, "Mr. Samuel Savage, in the drawing-room, please m'm."

"Tell him I shall be with you in a quarter of an hour, and ask him to stop to dinner, Fred."

"My love! how can we? you told me it was cold mutton to-day and that I must make it out with a salad. Now your salads are A, I, if coulless, but Uncle Sam dines every night at his club, and——"

"Leave it to me, Fred; it will be all right."

"You know how Mary gallops round the table like a wild donkey when she is excited——"

"Go down to your uncle, sir! Do you think I am going to miss the chance of giving a dinner party and inheriting a fortune through your nervousness?"

An hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chantry were seated with their guest at the little round dinner-table, which Evelina always decorated with red glasses and bowls full of grass and ox-eye daisies. There was a railway embankment not a hundred yards from the back of the Laurels, and the prowling children who lurked on the waste land were glad to pick a lapful of daisies for a penny; so that Evelina declared she never missed the conservatory at home.

Uncle Sam had not said much beyond an intimation that he had found himself in the neighborhood and had looked them up "to pay his respects to Mrs. Fred;" but he had grunted a good deal, and Fred, who was learned in his uncle's method of grunting, hoped the best. It was the low, satisfied grunt, not the short, sharp grunt of disapproval. Indeed, who could be otherwise than satisfied with Lina sitting beside him, her lovely hair coiled up in a coronet, her white peignoir exchanged for a simple evening dress, and her headache apparently forgotten, or at all events hidden out of sight.

"How pretty the dear girl does look with that color in her cheeks," Fred said to himself. "Now, if only the dinner goes passably, the old skinflint will be melted, must be melted, and Lina shall have another servant."

Soup! ("Clever Lina! How did she manage it? No dinner is complete without soup," thought Fred.) And Lina gave a sigh of relief as she saw her lord and master, as well as his guest, swallowing with appreciation the tinned soup which she had that day brought from the stores, and with which she had had the forethought to mince a suspicion of fresh vegetables.

"Just a spoonful more, Uncle Sam; I'm afraid we have no fish coming. You know we're young housekeepers and have to be economical when we're alone, and you took us unawares to-day."

And Uncle Sam allowed himself to be entreated, and finished the tureen, remarking with relish; "Excellent soup, my dear; you seem to be a very good manager. I hope you don't keep too expensive a cook for your income?"

To this delicate insinuation Evelina answered with the most unaffected gaiety and modesty, "Expensive cook! Why, Uncle Sam, don't you know Fred found a cook and a wife in one when he married me? You've no idea how much less he can live upon, now that I look after him." There is nothing like assuring people you are independent of them to pique them into wishing to assist you!

Mary, having removed the soup-plates with less clatter than might have been expected, now set down hot plates, and proceeded to hand round boiled rice.

"You know how I boil rice, anyway, my dear," grunted Uncle Sam, piling his plate, "We have a man at The Nepaul kept specially for it, and I declare to you, 'pon my honor, as often as not it is—waterlogged."

Uncle Sam dropped his voice at this terrible disclosure exactly as if he were obliged to say something improper.

"Curry, eh? now, unless you know what you are about, you shouldn't venture on a curry; but with rice like that ——" and he looked longingly at the savory dish.

Lina stretched out her foot and gave her husband a gentle kick under the table. Fred, whose nervousness had reduced him to the lowest state of dismal silence, brightened up a little and gently kicked back.

"And I warn you," continued Uncle Sam, "mine isn't a native woman. I've ever met with could make a curry fit to eat. Salad? yes, I'll take some more. Any green vegetables as an improvement to a curry, eh! you know that, do you? you see you know a good deal for a young woman!" and Mr. Samuel Savage began to ose.

Poor Lina was in a fever of excitement. She knew how much hung on the event; and she only knew also that the curry was her maiden effort in cookery, and that, save for following a receipt with the materials brought that morning from the stores and the remnants of cold mutton, she knew no more of curry making than the black art.

A dead silence reigned for a few moments round the Chantrys' little table.

"I'll trouble you for that curry again," sounded like the voice of a reassuring angel, and Mary bounded forward with joyful, if awkward, alacrity to minister to Mr. Savage's wants. Mary adored her mistress, and, in spite of her perceptions being somewhat clouded by special injunctions to hand the vegetables on the left side and keep her thumb out of the gravy, she was aware that the most serious issues were at stake in this seemingly genial little dinner party.

Evelina looked across at Fred with a beaming face. Uncle Sam's second helping was far in excess of what his first had been, in point of size, and his relish seemed undiminished.

But what is this? he has dropped his spoon and fork, has half pushed back his chair, is wrestling with the napkin tucked into his shirt front—his eyes are staring—his throat gasping!

"Great Heavens!" cries Fred, starting up and pommelling his relative's shoulders: "the man's choking!" While Lina, dashing water into a tumbler with one hand loosens the old gentleman's voluminous necktie, while with the other she endeavors to force a draught down his throat.

"Villain, miscreant, abandoned wretches!" shrieks Uncle Samuel, in a voice choked and gasping, as he splutters with something besides rage. "You, who confess to making this filthy compound, did you think to poison an old man and inherit his money? Thank goodness this time your vile machinations have been frustrated."

And he turned his scarlet and inflamed countenance from the astonished Evelina, and shook his fist in her face.

"By Jove, sir, no one shall insult my wife!" cried Fred.

But Lina only said wildly:

"Keep back, Fred; this is my affair. What is it, Uncle Sam? What is it?"

"Don't 'Uncle Sam' me," Mr. Savage retorted, with a terrible calm which was even worse than rage. "What is it, indeed? What is it? Do n't attempt to deny that it is yours, for you confessed to making that curry—instead of leaving it to your cook, as any real lady would have done. And besides—it matches!"

And he held up something with a trembling hand between his hostess and the light.

It was only what cynical Dean Swift considered the most worthless thing in all the world: "Only a woman's hair!"

* * * * * *

Presently Fred and Lina were alone, she crying quietly after the excitement of the evening, he moonily finishing his dinner off the plate of thin bread-and-butter which was to have been handed around after the luckless curry.

"It was all going on so beautifully," she sobbed. "He was quite getting to like me, and if it hadn't been for this miserable accident, he would never have gone away without settling your allowance on you again. Why, oh, why, did I ever think of ever having my hair brushed this afternoon? Fred, can you ever forgive me for bringing such disgrace upon you, for spoiling all your prospects in life?"

"My darling Lina," cried Fred, melted to even more tenderness than usual by the sight of his wife's distress, "don't think another instant about it. We are well rid of the old wretch, only I wish he had choked outright, though one of your pretty golden hairs is far too precious to do it with. Never mind, my own Lina; we will never mention his name again. I am happy to think all my prospects in life don't hang on a single hair."

* * * * * *

But they did though. Old Savage hustled up to town and drove straight to his lawyer, who had rooms over his office.

"I want to alter my will, Taper," said he. "I mean to leave my money to the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, in Golden Square—ha! ha!"

"You're very excited, Mr. Savage," said the old lawyer, who was sitting over his port after dinner, and did not wish to be dragged back again to business. "I thought you were quite determined to leave your money to your poor sister's son, after all? It is not a week since we executed the will in his favor."

"He's insulted me," spluttered Mr. Savage, gasping at the bare recital of his wrongs. "He and his wife have grossly insulted me, and they shall see that they cannot do that with impunity. Here, get a form, Taper, and let us set this right before we sleep!"

"The Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, in Golden Square, I think you said?" Mr. Taper remarked, sipping his wine deliberately. "If you mean to leave your money to that, you must write to the secretary and ask for a Form of Bequest. There are details and formalities attached to institutions; unless they are all complied with your relations might be able to establish a claim after all. There sit down at my writing-table and send a line to the secretary of the hospital."

While Mr. Savage savagely dashed off a few lines with an aggressive quill pen, which seemed to sputter the sentiments of every stroke, Mr. Taper mused fleering:

"Live fish in the herring and we will have have canned down. That poor boy must not be done out of his money for some fancied offense. We must get round little and Savage must send a line."

And in the morning, Savage had cooled down even more completely than kind old Taper had anticipated. For the blinds of Uncle Sam's rooms in Bury street were closely drawn, and such friends as missed him at The Nepaul, and came to ask for news of him, were informed that he had expired suddenly in the night.

"Cardiac collapse," said the doctor. "Might have occurred any moment in the last twenty years. You, Mr. Taper." (for Taper had been sent for), "had better telegraph for his relations. I shall be happy to certify to any of them that his death was not unexpected by me. I have known that he was in a most precarious state for a long while."

And Mr. Taper wisely refrained from asking whether undue excitement might have hastened the disease, though he rubbed his hands softly together muttering to himself—

"Poor old Savage! What a mercy that I got him to write to the hospital."

* * * * *

Frederick Savage Chantry inherited all his savings; and Mr. Taper, whose profession makes him careful, abstained from mentioning his old client's evening visit, and the episode of the hospital.

By letting fall a hint that his late friend had been interested in a hospital in Golden street he easily suggested to the heir that a donation of five hundred dollars would be a fitting memorial to Uncle Sam in that quarter, and the secretary was very glad to accept such a substantial "third in the hand."

And Evelina has never made another curry!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Fashion's newest "fad"—and it threatens to be a formidable rival to palmistry—is "eyesology," and "eyesologists" will soon be as beautiful as blackberries among us. It tells character from the color of the eyes. I heard one of these wiseacres holding forth the other day, and I learned, with great satisfaction, that gray-eyed people are rarely stupid. Steel-grey eyes with large pupils denote intense feeling. People with blue-grey eyes have kind hearts, and are never mean in spirit. Hazel eyes show musical ability and grace of person. I happen to know a hazel-eyed person who is as awkward as a duck, and does not know one tune from another. The ideal eye is a perfect violet or a velvet brown, but the latter should be soft and gentle. Green eyes do not exist in fiction only, neither are they as rare as is generally supposed, and there are about one hundred varieties of grey.

The Union Club, of New York, enjoys the reputation of having an extraordinary number of rich members; but it also has a great number of poor ones—sons of financially decayed families. It abounds in old and aldorly men, the young men being comparatively very few. Between the two a cordial feeling of dislike exists. Exclusiveness, based on the English model, is one of the boasted features of the association. No outside resident there is admitted beyond the small reception room near the main entrance. The discipline of the club is never relaxed. English manners are sedulously aped there, as is evident from the heads, always covered at the Fifth Avenue windows, because hats are invariably worn in the Pall Mall clubs. Insensibility, except among intimates, is closely observed, and is considered the proper thing.

A greater novelty than even the Japanese Village recently exhibited in our larger cities will be the Aztec Village from Mexico. With Japanese arts and industries we have long been more or less familiar; but the Aztecs represent a side of civilization which is still unknown to us. These Mexican artisans bring with them the recommendation of their President. A variety of curious works will be shown, including a choice collection of dried human bodies, which have been disinterred for the purpose from the tombs of the Church of the Inquisition in the City of Mexico. There will be a troupe of dancing children and a native orchestra, which is said to perform music of a very singular kind, the instruments ranging from gourds to tambourines. Travellers in Mexico have spoken of the beautiful feather work of the Aztecs, specimens of which will be shown, as well as the process of manufacture. Native cooks will be seen in a native kitchen, cooking the national dishes.

Women is still revolting, says a contemporary. This time she is disposed to look to the origin of things, and has it in design to confound the tyrannical sex with Biblical texts. According to a German newspaper, a number of ladies in Prussia propose to make new translations both of the Old and the New Testament, to the end that certain passages will no bear very hardly upon women's nature may be rendered more correctly than male jealousy and partiality have yet permitted. The existing translations are, of the work of men who suspected, quite rightly, that Eve designed to have a "thing at a time, and dissected the apostol texts to suit their despotic purposes. It is [illegible] Eve's [illegible] Lucy [illegible] Bible [illegible] and I expect the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

TILL CALLED FOR.

BY J. R. EASTWOOD.

"WHAT! You don't even know your own name, little man, ?"

The "little man" in answer only sobbed the louder.

"Now, just stop a moment—won't you?—and think."

The "little man," in reply, tried hard to collect his thoughts, as he was bidden to do. Evidently, however, he was too much frightened to do anything of the kind.

He had, unfortunately, lost his way—or properly speaking, gone astray—in one of the London streets, and when the lady now bending over him had first spoken, he was holding on hard by one of the railings in a large square, somewhere at the West End.

"What's to be done?" mused the lady. "I am late as it is, and yet it would be so very cruel to leave him here in all his trouble."

"But your home—tell me—is it over there, think you, or there?" and she pointed right and left.

"It's now here," he returned, blankly.

And this was all the information the wayward child would consent to give. The lady's own home lay nearly fifty miles away.

The next minute, therefore, she had made her plan, and was doing the very best thing possible under the circumstances—drawing her small companion gently away as the direction of the nearest police station.

But his feet stumbled every now and then, and she was glad to think they had not far to go.

"It's almost time nearly," mused he," and at last the "little man" had found his tongue. "And mother will be waiting for me. Oh! that's far the worst part of all, and I'm called Donald."

"We will find her. Don't be afraid."

With these last words still sounding in his ears, they entered the police station. Donald felt now more frightened than ever.

Several policemen stood about, as if idle, or, at any rate, merely looking on; and into the very midst of the group his guide now led them.

And he had always, too, stood in such terrible awe of a policeman—even of the sight of one.

The room was large and high; but, oh, so dreary in aspect. No furniture except a few wooden tubs which extended right around it, and by the side of which, all along, were placed benches, upon which now sat a great many other miserable-looking children; all of them were very poor indeed.

Donald, who was certainly handsomely dressed, and he knew this fact full well, at once felt very indignant at being thus grouped with them.

Nearly every one had been crying, just the same as Donald himself. Every one, too, looked tired, and desperately hungry into the bargain.

"Young gen'leman lost, eh, ma'am? A bad piece of business, that is, to be sure. But he's in good company," went on the constable grimly. "We get lots of lost children here, week after week. Even of these small ones here," and he glanced around, "—you'll hardly believe it—has been picked up by somebody or other during the course of the last few days."

Donald, who, child as he was, had managed to grasp the meaning of each word that had been uttered, gasped out now, with sudden earnestness:

"But you won't take me to prison now, or anything like that?"

A queer smile came over the face of the constable. He only, however, shook his head in answer.

"And I promise I'll never be lost again," he said, eagerly. "Not from the nurse's time. Never as long as I live. And I don't know a bit, not a bit, where our house is! So it's of no use your asking me that."

"Eh, eh? Not run away again, eh?" you? That's all right enough. I'm going now, however, to get you safely back again; else, I'm thinking, you won't have another chance, don't you see?" came in reply.

"Yes, sir," returned Donald, sorrowfully, for all the while he was thinking of his mother.

But now the lady was compelled to leave him in charge of the policeman, sorry as she was to do so.

"I'll let you know to-morrow, ma'am, how we have succeeded with the young gen'leman," observed the man civilly, as to return for the gift of money she placed in his hands. "And it shan't be my fault, either, if we don't succeed. We're tolerably well accustomed to this sort of thing, we are, as you may judge by present appearances. Yes, yes; I'll see, too, that he gets a good dinner. Don't be alarmed, ma'am. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Don't know. The policeman says more than three weeks."

Here, indeed, was something dreadful even to think of.

"But do you suppose no one will ever call for you?"

"There's no one to come. Mother's dead, and father's run away, and there's no one to look after me but neighbors."

"Well, but won't the neighbors come for you?"

In answer to which she shook her head.

"Stupid! Why, of course they'll be glad. They'll have less to look after now."

Dear simple-hearted little maiden!

Donald had all at once taken a wonderful fancy to his companion.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what it is; you shall go home with me—that's, of course, when I'm found."

"And if we're never found?" came sadly.

"Why, then, of course, we'll live here all our lives."

And the bargain was struck between the children.

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Not so very far away, either, a somewhat different scene was taking place.

The large mansion in Cavendish Square was being ransacked from cellar to attic in quest of the pet and pride of the entire household.

And what in the world had become of little Donald?

The loving mother of the boy was calling aloud for him in all directions, and heavy indeed were the reproaches with which Lillie, the nurse, was now overwhelmed.

How often had she been entreated to look well after her charge! and here she had—how, she scarcely knew—permitted him to escape from her care.

Donald, she could only suppose, had taken into his head, in one of his mischievous moods, to leave the house by the hall-door shortly before she herself was able to accompany him.

And now he was nowhere to be seen, though servants had been sent out into all the streets around. He had, doubtless, met with some accident; or yet more probable, been entrapped away by some wicked person.

So thought the mother; whilst Lillie hysterically suggested that she should run for the bell-man if any one would only tell her where he lived.

"Nonsense, Lillie. You forget you are living in a great city, and not in a little country village."

But the mother had now resolved what to do, and had sent a telegraphic message to Scotland Yard, the head police office in London.

"Lost—a little boy, nearly six years old. Fair complexion, light, curly hair, and dressed in Highland costume."

Thus ran the telegram.

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Evening was now fast approaching, and Donald felt sure that he was lost now forever.

In his despair, he resolved valiantly that when it became dark he, with his fair-haired companion, would steal out once more into the open streets. Anything, thought he, was better than remaining where they now were.

One after the other the remaining weary-hearted children had fallen off inactive to sleep upon the hard, wooden floor.

And then Donald himself, all pale and hungry as he was (as yet he had not been able at the white to swallow a single morsel) lay down his curly head upon the table and began to snore.

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"Wake up, little master!" came later on.

"Wake up, darling! Darling Donald!" came now, in somewhat more familiar tones.

But he was too heavy with sleep, far, to be thus easily awakened.

"There, mamma; you promise! You won't let me go out alone into those strange streets of London, will you?" petitioned Donald; talking, however, only in his sleep.

Evidently his thoughts were still harping on his recent adventure.

"He has taken the affair regularly to heart," remarked a tall constable, somewhat softly.

But a rosy soft and gentle lips were being pressed upon those of the, at last, fully aroused child.

"The police telegraphed all around London for you, darling—that's to every police-station, I mean, pet. And so at last we gained tidings of our little Highland son."

"I didn't deserve to be found at all, mamma," whispered the now comforted Donald, very self-reproachfully, "for I ran away from Lillie on purpose to frighten her, and make her cross. I quite forgot—stupid, wasn't it?—that you would miss me dear. But, mother, mother dear, I've something to ask you—a great favor. You won't mind granting it, will you?"

And in that moment of great joy the mother could refuse her darling nothing. She kept her word faithfully, as will be seen.

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Poor Nell was never claimed, and Donald's mother only fulfilled the boy's sacred promise, and gave her a home.

The reindeer Nell could never say again she was in danger.

An engineer of South Norwalk, Conn., will go locomotive run over and killed a German and his sweetheart last Christmas eve. His work on the day that had been set for their marriage by the ill-fated young couple.

SAVED BY A DOLL.

BY KATHARINE KINGSLEY.

ELSIE had no mother, only a teasing brother Bert, three years her senior, and a father, who went here and there about his fields, and took little heed of his small, six-year-old daughter.

One other friend she had, a friend who, with her mute, untold sympathy, had stolen into a warm corner of the small maiden's heart, and that was the Lady Anne—a beautiful, almost life-size, imitation of a fine lady, made up of dainty wax furbelows, and sent to her direct from London by Elsie's cousin Mabel.

Oh! how she loved it, how Bert scoffed at it, or rather her, for this grand, titled lady was a living, feeling thing to her wee "mamma." And how many times Patty, their one servant, had to rescue her from all sorts of perilous situations, all the work of Master Bert.

On the morning when that began which forms our story, along came the tricksy lad, the Lady Anne in his arms, as Elsie stood with Patty, feeding the fowls.

"The Lady Anne is going for a sail, Elsie," said he, jauntily, and hugging the dainty thing to him with a boy's clumsiness.

"Oh, she's not!" cried Elsie, with warmth; "you know the water never agrees with her—she'll be sea-sick."

"River-sick, you mean, old lady, but what of that? She'll have to get over that cockney weakness. So here goes," and the prankish boy passed on, laughing the while over his shoulder.

But Elsie was too quick for him, she made a dart, and rescued her darling, pressing her to her motherly little heart with half amused defiance.

"Phew! I'd not be a girl, or her doll either, for ever so much," said he, with boyish scorn.

"You'll never be anything half so good," cried Elsie, laughing in her sleeve over her recovered treasure.

"You're right there, Miss Elsie," agreed Patty. "Boys as teases little girls are never of much account."

"Uncle Bert is a monster, lovie, is he not? And you are tired, aren't you, after such a fright?"

So the small girl crooned over the Lady Anne, trotting away with her to the house; and Bert heard her words. Nay, he stole after her with cat-like footsteps, and saw where she laid her to sleep, as she termed it, saw her touch the magic string which closed the ready eyes; nay he saw it all—even the tender kiss she pressed on the lips of the sleeping beauty—and chuckled as he crept away.

Here and there went Elsie, while her nursling slept, and anon it was afternoon, and she chanced to be on the outskirts of a tangle of a wood at the back of her father's house, full of pitfalls and dangers to unwary feet, so it was said. From here emerged Master Bert, with a very comical face.

"I've taken the Lady Anne for a change of air, dear madam," was his greeting to his small sister.

"What? Where? Who?" asked she, all startled and ruffled, like some tender, timid mother dove.

"Well done! three jerky questions in three words," laughed Bert.

"Well, tell me, you know what I mean," cried Elsie.

"Well, then question number one. I've transported your Cockney friend; secondly, into the heart of the forest—wh re, you'll find out by-and-by thirdly—but there is no need to go into the thirdly."

Thus was all the information he would give, and walked on with the air of a judge.

Transported! the Lady Anne transported, when her small "mamma" thought her snug and warm in her cot up stairs. Ah! who can understand the heart of a little child?

With a bitter cry Elsie darted away, into the tangle, the gloom, the mystery of the wood. Timid and startled at the wee noises which sprang across her path, the child advanced. Now a heavy tramp made her quake, and a tall, burly gamekeeper met her.

"Well, little one, where are you going?" asked he, kindly enough, eyeing her from his giant height.

"Please, sir, have you seen a doll, or met one?" was the shivery little question in response.

"No, dear; have you lost such a creature?" smiled the man.

"Oh! 'tisn't a creature, but a dear little darling girl, and she's transported," replied Elsie.

"Transported! Who transported her?"

"Oh, somebody, a big cruel boy," returned the child, obscure as an oracle.

"Ay, sure to be a boy at the root of such work as that. Still, I'd go home if I were you, or you'll be lost or transported yourself," urged the man.

"No, oh! no, the Lady Anne will want me."

"Well, don't go far," was the reply.

Then the man tramped on, smiling at such baby make-belief, and very soon forgot all about the transported mite and her small seeker.

Right and left glanced Elsie's blue eyes, but no Lady Anne was to be seen, only the gloom, the mystery, the green tangle of leaves, and the sunbeams flitting and straying, as if they, too, were seeking and searching. Now a little old woman met her.

"Please, ma'am, have you met a doll?" asked the little pleading tongue.

"No, dearie, did you think I had?" was the kindly answer.

"Yes, there's one transported here, and I'm afraid she'll be lost."

Elsie's tears were not far away now, she was so lonely and anxious, and the woods were so solemn.

"And are you looking for her?" asked the kind old woman.

"Yes, I am looking for her."

"Then I wouldn't or you'll be lost. Come back along of me," coaxed the kindly soul.

But "No, no, I must find her," pleaded the child, and tripped away, father and farther into the wood, farther from home, but, as it seemed, no nearer whatever to her pet, the Lady Anne, although her heart craved and hoped she was.

Now she tripped through the white barrier-gate. Ah! whither were her feet carrying her? There was a disused well somewhere in this second wood, and a yawning stone quary, long left unworked, but terribly treacherous to unwary feet, overgrown with rank vegetation as it was. Poor little Elsie! the briars and brushwood were so dense here that they took hold of her like detaining hands at every step, and, somehow, darkness came steadily on all too readily, and strange sounds like the rush of wild beasts made her heart quiver with terror.

"Oh, Lady Anne! Lady Anne!" moaned she, as though the inanimate thing, if near, could answer her. Now a snake wriggled past, and she screamed with affright. A good thing that the reptile was harmless, a good thing for the child's senses that it disappeared; but the small, forlorn thing was in a maze of bewilderment, and the dusky woods seemed teeming with horrors. And still no Lady Anne, no small bundle of wax and finery, met her eyes in the gloom. Ah! what was that? A clear space with red sunbeams straying and seeking over the green sward, and there, dangling among a dense growth of underwood and rank vegetation, was the long-sought puppet—the Lady Anne.

"Oh, my love, my darling!" cried the delighted child.

Ah, there, there, through bush, through bramble, she darted, but what—what was that? A hurtling, a clutching, a scream. The Lady Anne and her mamma had fallen down somewhere through the clutching bushes. No, not the Lady Anne, she still dangled there, pitifully unconscious. Then there was a mighty hush, the trees nodded and shook their heads, the sunbeams crept away affrighted. The sweet day was dying there as well as out in the open country, and about poor Elsie's home, where the child was not.

"Where is Elsie?" was the question of her father, and of kindly Patty too, who had been too busy to miss her before.

Ah! Bert knew, coming in with his cricket-bat across his shoulder to his evening meal.

"She must have lost herself in the woods, searching for her doll," he told them, and confessed to the transportation affair with shame-faced contrition, looking away towards the woods.

Ah, Bert, would that "lost" were all! Well, the farmer turned out, trusty Rover was loosed, and made to understand what had happened; even Bert and Patty sallied forth to the rescue, but Rover out-distanced them all.

"The dog is on her track," said the anxious father, and struck out right swiftly to follow him. Follow him! Through brush, through tangle, rush—rush—rush—the farmer's feet could not keep up to him. It was twilight now outside the wood, darkness within. Bert and Patty could make but little search or progress. Oh, joy! here came Rover, a white something in his mouth, a small, cold, bedrifled thing—the Lady Anne!—with arms tossing and pleading as the dog ran, blue eyes staring, flaxen hair all tangled and torn by the bushes.

A miserable little heap she looked as Rover dropped her at the farmer's feet. Ah, where was his child? Was she, too, lying somewhere, a small, dishevelled heap, as was this small mimic lady?

He caught her up, and bore her on; his child had loved her! On, on, Rover bounding before, as if to show where he had found her.

Now they were in the open glade, where pale moonbeams were seeking, seeking very like the red sunbeams had done awhile ago.

Ah! the farmer stayed his foot but just in time, as he tramped to the spot where stood Rover, barking and leaping at the bushes where the Lady Anne had hung. Now the dog whined, as if he knew what lay beneath.

The farmer shuddered, and well he might—he was on the verge of the old quarry. Had his child been there? Where was she?

"Back!" he cried to Bert and Patty, and bade them go through the barrier-gate into the first and safest part of the wood, while he and Rover went a long way round into, so to speak, the heart of the quarry.

"Father! father!" called a plaintive little voice high up among the tangle.

Ah! there was Elsie, caught by the kindly bushes as she fell, and saved from death. Yes, she must have been dashed to pieces but for this.

"Yes, the Lady Anne saved me," she said, after her father had gone up the giddy heights and rescued her.

"Yes, the Lady Anne did you good service; well for you both that she did not go over with you," quoth the farmer.

"Or she'd not have told Rover, and I should have quite died," piped the poor little maiden, as, nestling in her father's arms, he bore her home.

"Yes, she and Rover, under God, saved you," said her father. "And now, my boy, no more transporting of dolls, no more practical joking," so he admonished Bert.

And Bert answered sincerely, "No, father, no."

HER STRENGTH.

BY HORACE LENNARD.

Ah me! how sadly drawl the days,
How hopeless are the hours,
When Pain his finger on us lays,
And robs us of our powers;
How dull monotony proclaims
Its presence while we lie,
Lifeless and chill in brains and frames,
With hardly will to die.

Slowly the shadows come and go,
The morning yields to night,
While drop by drop the cup of woe
Is filled within our sight.
Ambition broken, faith o'ercome,
We live as in a dream;
No more we sing, the lips are dumb,
The limbs all nerveless seem.

'Tis then that woman takes her part
To soothe and banish care;
She gives us hope, she cheers the heart,
And all the pain would bear.
Sickness and sadness at her smile
Will often fly away;
Her love will weary hours beguile,
And gild the sombre day.

No hand can like a woman's hand
Make pillows soft and cool;
And seldom can grim Pain withstand
A woman's gentle rule;
In health and strength a man may rail
Against the "weaker sex;"
But women ever will prevail
When serious troubles vex.

So Pleasure cannot always live,
Both sides are often right,
Bear and forbear, forget, forgive,
Those conquer who unite;
In health a man of strength may boast,
And bravely take his part;
In sickness, woman's worth a host,
Her strength is in her heart.

ABOUT CHARMS AND OMENS.

An old chronicle of the sixteenth century tells us that it was the custom for "enamoured maydes and gentilwomen" to give to their favorite swains, as tokens of thir love, little embroidered handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought around often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner and a little one in the centre. The first of these favors were edged with gold lace or twist, and then, being folded in four cross folds so that the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats or on their breasts. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen and worn by their mistresses.

Among the various superstitions connected with the first step to matrimony in some parts of the country the wish-bone of a goose is used for the purpose of divination. Two young ladies, or even two of the opposite sex, must take hold each of one side and pull; who succeeds in pulling the larger portion away will be married first. Or, if a lady and gentleman pull together, and the bone breaks evenly, they will become man and wife; if not, fate is against them. In some other parts they take blade bones of a rabbit, stick nine pins in it, and then put it under their pillows, when, during the night they will be sure to see the object of their affections.

A weekly newspaper, some years ago, gave the following receipt for ascertaining who will be the husband of any given maiden, when in doubt between several lovers on which should fall the choice. Let a friend write their names on a piece of paper in which a portion of wedding-cake is wrapped; then let the experimentalist sleep on it for three consecutive nights; and, if, during the night, she should dream of any one of the names written on the paper, him she is certain to wed; if not, she had better set her cap elsewhere. During the marriage feast at Burnley, a wedding-ring is put into a posset and the unmarried person whose cup contains the ring after the drink is served out, will be the first of the company to be married. Sometimes, too, a cake is made, into which a wedding-ring and a sixpence are placed. When the company are about to retire, the cake is broken and distributed amongst the unmarried ladies. She who finds the ring in her portion of the cake will shortly be married; but she who gets the sixpence is certain to be an old maid.

Girls need to adopt this method of ascertaining whether or not they will be married: Take a tumbler of water from a stream which runs southward; borrow the wedding-ring of some married friend and suspend it by a hair of your own head over the glass of water, holding the hair between the finger and thumb. If the ring hit against the side of the glass, the holder will die an old maid; if it turn quickly round she will be married once, if slowly, twice. Should the ring strike the glass more than three times after the holder has pronounced the name of her lover, there will be a lengthy courtship and nothing more; if less frequently, the affair will be broken off; and if there is no striking at all the affair will never come off. A more simple plan is to look at the new moon through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, when, as many years will elapse before marriage takes place, as many moons as are seen through the intricacies of the silk.

German girls who are anxious to ascertain what will be the color of their future husband's hair, stand at the door between the hours of eleven and twelve on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, take hold of the latch and say three times: "gentle love, if thou lovest me show thyself." She must then open the door quickly and make a rapid grasp through it into the darkness, when she will find in her hand a lock of her future husband's hair.

"The Universal Fortune Teller" provides a receipt for obtaining an actual glimpse of the lover. The girl must take a willow branch in her left hand, and without being observed, slip out of the house and run three times round it, whispering the while: "He that is to be my goodman come and grip the end of it." During the third circuit the likeness of the future husband, particularly if he knows the experiment is to be made, will appear and grasp the other end of the wand.

There is a charm of much simplicity for conciliating a lover's affections. This charm is so potent that it will also reconcile man and wife. Inside a frog is a certain crooked bone, which, when cleaned and dried over the fire on St. John's Eve, and then ground fine and given in food to the lover, will at once win his love and admiration. A timely hint may here be given to anyone going courting. Be sure when leaving home to spit in your right shoe, if you would speed in your wooing. If you accidentally put on your left stocking inside out, nothing but good luck can ensue.

In England they who are unfortunate in their wooing, have only to wish, on the first appearance of the new moon, and what they desire will be granted. In Ireland, possession of the mythical four-leaf clover will secure to the happy possessor the love of whomsoever she will.

Grains of Gold.

Cheerfulness is a grand home virtue.

Great works are accomplished slowly.

To see the world is to judge the judges.

We seldom heartily praise those who do not admire us.

The wise hand does not all the foolish tongue speaks.

Never refuse a kindness that it comes in your way to do.

He that has no character is not a man; he is only a thing.

Our condition never satisfies us; the present is always the worst.

Wealth may bring luxuries, but luxuries do not always bring happiness.

What is commonly called friendship even is only a little more honor among rogues.

Grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives are made up of small events.

Pride is equal in all men; it differs only in the means and manner of showing itself.

If a man cannot readily recognize merit, it is very certain that he has none himself.

The good we have received from a man should make us bear with the ill he does us.

If great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing.

It is not enough to possess great qualities; we must also have the management of them.

It may be far less respectable to be able to wear fine clothes, than to be able to make them.

It is pleasant to be cheated; we love sweet wild dreams—the greatest cheats in the world.

It is very easy to form good resolutions in the night; it may be quite inconvenient to keep them during the day.

O, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living.

Every generous illusion adds a wrinkle in vanishing. Experience is the successive disenchantment of the things of life. It is reason enriched by the spoils of the heart.

Inexhaustible good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

Femininities.

Velvet dog collars are dotted with pearls or diamonds.

The new color of scarlet is already unpopular in New York.

No woman has been hanged in New York State for 37 years.

A Maine lady has refused $2,000 for her tresses, eight feet one inch long.

The English call the small fur balls for trimming bonnets "Chicago beans."

Smoke stains can be removed from mica in stoves by thoroughly soaking it in vinegar.

It was a Boston lady who insisted upon calling the flower of the day Chrysanthemadame.

"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. Marry him, my dear.

The attention of Anglomaniacs is called to the fact that Queen Victoria never eats any but stale bread.

Avice, or Avis, does not signify advice, as some think. It comes from Aëlwis, and means happy wisdom.

There was never but one conviction of a woman for murder in California, and she was sent to prison for life.

A piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or woolen will prevent the ravages of moths.

"Tireless Susan" is the sobriquet some Washington correspondent has invented for Miss Susan B. Anthony.

Bangs are prohibited in the seminary of St. Agnes, for young ladies, a Roman Catholic institution in Brooklyn.

It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an unsupportable one to be under an obligation to a scoundrel.

"Well, daughter, what was the text?" "I'm not quite sure, papa, but it sounded like 'Many are cold, but few are frozen.'"

Mrs. Langtry, the actress, has been requested to have her back photographed. The Lily's beauty must have faded very rapidly if it has come to this.

A "leader of society," says the New York Mail and Express, is to give lectures on how to polish brass and furniture. Lectures to be held at her residence—tickets, five dollars each.

Before they were married he used to call her his "star," "cherub," "light of the morning," etc., and she now explains the latter epithet by his continually informing her that it is her place to make the fire.

Lady, to applicant: "What wages will you expect as nurse?" Applicant: "How old is the baby, mum?" Lady: "Seven months." Applicant: "Without laudanum, mum, three dollars a week; with laudanum, two dollars."

Anxious millionaire: "Then, sir, I have your consent to pay my addresses to your daughter? Ah, sir, if I only thought I could win her affection!" Eager father: "Why not, my dear sir; why not? Plenty of others have succeeded."

She: "What is this science of palmistry I hear so much about?" He: "The art of telling fortunes by the hand." She: "Can you tell my fortune by my hand?" He: "No; but if I had your hand I could tell my own fortune." He got it.

Shoe dealer, to partner: "That new lot women's French slippers is going very slowly. Hadn't we better mark 'em down?" Partner: "Yes; mark the fives down to threes, and the fours to twos." The change was made, and in a day or two the stock was exhausted.

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar; but if you wish it I will have that brought up and shown to you."

She (to her partner after a lively ladies' chain)—Wuz dat you, Misto Tolliver, what squeeze my han' in ladies to de right? Partner—I dunno; did you squeeze back? She—I'm sho! Why us cose not. Partner—Den you warn't de one; 'cause de one what I squeeze her han' she done squoze back.

Do not buy an ugly piece of furniture simply because it is cheap. In purchasing, consider comfort first, then beauty. Try to combine the two in all you purchase. Do not be in haste to get everything at once, but gradually build up your home until it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" to all its inmates.

If a young girl have a little brother it is wrong to allow him to get his ideas of natural history from the animals she works on tidies, slippers, etc. To live and see and talk under the impression that dogs have blue ears and purple eyes, is apt to make the world sceptical as to the amount of intelligence one possesses.

Mr. Minks—I met an old school mate today for the first time in forty years and we had a grand talk about old times. Mrs. Minks—It was a man, I suppose. "O, yes, and as long as I've lived I never saw such a perfect example of contentment and earthly happiness as he is." "Did he marry any one I know?" "No, he never married."

A lady stood patiently before a cashier's window in a bank the other day, but no one took any notice of her till she attracted the attention of the money-taker by tapping with her parasol on the glass. "Why don't you pay attention to me?" she asked, petulantly. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but we don't pay anything here. Next window, please," was the polite response.

Mary Baker, known as the "Fasting Girl," of White county, Ind., is alleged to have eaten or drunk nothing for twelve weeks, and though she is emaciated about the lower part of the body and limbs, her face, especially under the influence of morphine, presents a healthy aspect. Mrs. Baker has been under the care of a number of physicians, but none have been able to diagnose her case satisfactorily. She was once a beautiful girl, and her intellect is clear and strong.

Masculinities.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Folly is the quality of a man who is jealous of a cross-eyed wife.

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before thee and lost them.

Hypocrisy has become a fashionable vice, and all fashionable vices pass for virtue.

The best characters have a mixture of infirmities, and the worst have some redeeming virtues.

The Prince of Wales plays on the banjo. Probably that is why the royal family is so very unhappy.

The treatment of drunkenness with strychnia is said to have been followed with very satisfactory results.

One of the queer things of life is, that the man who knows it all seldom can tell any of it to anybody's satisfaction.

A man of sense finds much less difficulty in submitting to one who is wrong-headed than in attempting to set him right.

After a long period in which only girl babies were born, Biscaree, D. T., now rejoices in the birth of a male infant.

About 20 per cent. of the freshman class at Yale University use tobacco. The average heretofore has been only 16 per cent.

Rheumatism has settled in the eyes of E. B. Moore, Secretary of State of Arkansas, and he is threatened with total blindness.

Senator Hearst, of California, owns a newspaper which he says he never reads. His fortune is estimated as high as $40,000,000.

It was so cold recently that many clergymen in Maine wore misters buttoned to the chin while going through the services on Sunday.

"Why is a small boy like a woman?" said a certain man to his troublesome wife. No response. "Because he will make a man grown," said the conundrumist.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore is first to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed, never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen.

The latest freak in London is to have a map of the city in the lining of the men's hats, so that any one can see if the cabman is taking the shortest route to their destination.

An English physician sagely says that if a man takes care of himself from the age of ten years—never overeating or taking cold—he will probably live to be a hundred years old.

The Shah of Persia and his wives were reported some time ago to be greatly delighted with a new dish prepared for them by a Viennese cook. Investigation showed that the new dish was nothing else than simple Viennese rolls.

He ran somewhat hastily into a cigar store and said pompously: "Give me one of your best Matilda cigars." "I guess you mean a Manila," said the assistant. "Oh, yes," he answered; "I was thinking of another girl."

"What's that?" asked a gentleman from the country in a music store yesterday. "That? Oh that is used on violins. It is called a chin rest." "Gimme one!" exclaimed the customer. "It's just what I'll give my wife for a wedding-day present."

It is said that no people in the world are so fond of lectures as the Americans. This is the result of enforced theirst. What at least one sex, married and single, have been accustomed to for centuries, should quite naturally in time become a characteristic.

It is sinful to ice-skate, roller skate, "coast," slide down hill, go to spelling school, hold candy-pulls and husking bees, as the Rev. Mr. Scrimsire, of Montreal, contends, the young folks will have to fall back on to house-breaking and bank-burglary for amusement.

Johnny laboriously lugged a pail into the parlor where the family was assembled, and asked his maternal grandmother to kick it. "Why, should I kick it, Johnny?" grandmother inquired in amazement. "Cause it smells pipe?" said Johnny. "He said he would give ten dollars any time I see you kick the bucket."

An "apparition" that has been frightening people in New Brunswick, N. J., for some time past was caused by a couple of plucky young men one night recently, and beneath a sheet was found a prominent man in the town. He played the ghost probably to frighten his wife, who staid away from home against his wishes.

While driving in a sleigh from Towanda, Pa., the other night, a gentleman mistook for a dog the movement of one of the legs of his companion, who held the reins or, excited in a gay bantering, outside the buffalo, over the edge of the vehicle. Quietly pulling out his revolver he put a bullet in the leg of his friend, whose loud oaths dispelled the illusion.

A recent writer states that the senses are not parallel in men and women, the latter possess to greater perfection the sense of touch. The senses of hearing and sight are relatively the same in both sexes, but it is considered that men have the sense of taste more delicately developed than women. The sense of smell may be the exception, as much depends as much as in women. No reason is assigned for the distinction.

Harry O'Fallon, of St. Louis, was approaching very gradually his wife's house one night, when he met a friend coming out. "Don't go in there, Harry," said the friend, "your wife is mad." "Put your money down," said Harry, confidently. The friend wouldn't back out, so Harry Fallon didn't wait for him to change. Twenty minutes he was combing the whiskers and pins the fee, and is looking for other offers of just that kind.

Recent Book Issues.

"How to Lose Money in Wall Street," is the title of a little pamphlet that would have been better written had its contents simply been "Don't go near Wall Street." R. S. Hill is the author, Dillingham, New York, the publisher, and the price 10 cents.

"Geoffrey Sterling," a powerful story of love and intrigue, by Mrs. Leith Adams (Mrs. Laffan), which is enjoying an immense popularity in England, has just been published in this country from a new London edition. The novel is well endowed with the element of popularity, and is in the best sense a story well told. Price, neatly bound in boards, 75 cents. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

"Wedlock; its Hopes and Hypocrisies," by a Married Man. This is an essay on the subject indicated in the title. We cannot see any good reason for such productions. Written from or for an ideal standpoint, they are wanting in reality. And inasmuch as nothing is more "real" than the average marriage, it only mixes up two incongruous subjects. Its reading will hardly be entertaining, and we certainly doubt of its being useful. Published by G. T. Dillingham, New York.

"That Other Person," by Mrs. Alfred Hunt is a very interesting and pretty story of domestic life, located in London, and shows a true picture of struggling love and finally perfect happiness. The description of a fog and the bewilderment it entails is well told, and the subsequent strange events which follow are both pleasing and natural. The story is fresh and pure, and fully comes up to, if it does not go beyond, the standard of the average story of to-day. Published by Lippincott & Co.

"How he Lost Her; or, True Love Never runs Smooth," by Jonathan Barrett, is a decidedly amusing and entertaining novel, and something new in its line, being written by a Civil Engineer. It depicts country life and country joys participated in by city people, engineering as well as exciting adventures in the Allegheny mountains, before and during the construction of the Pennsylvania railroad. The interest is increased by love scenes. The plot and the characters are well sustained throughout. The writing is spirited, life-like, and altogether very entertaining. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"Dr. Cupid" is the latest product from the pen of the well-known Rhoda Broughton. Whatever else may be said of the novels of this author, it must be confessed they are well written. There is generally a tinge of the too dark side of life pervading them, but so carefully veiled that the reader rather admires than condemns the sinner. "Dr. Cupid" in no wise differs from Miss Broughton's former works, and the interest hinges on the love of a young man for a married woman and the sad and tragical ending of the couple, who deserve a better fate. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*, for February, is a reproduction of George H. Boughton's well known painting, "The Councilors of Peter the Headstrong." The opening article describes the picturesque scenery "Round About West Drayton," in Middlesex, and under the title of "The Studio Smoke" M. H. Spielmann describes a social gathering of artists in London. In a very interesting paper, "A Kingly Architect," Bettina Wirth writes of the late King of Bavaria's famous castles among the Bavarian Alps, which were evidently the consummation of a lunatic's dream. Walter Crane's work as a designer is laid before the reader with pen and pencil, and Richard Heath contributes the second illustrated paper, "The Paris of the Revolution." Published by Cassell & Company, New York.

Kate Eyre's excellent serial, "A Step in the Dark," opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for February. The author of that now famous bric-a-brac, "How to be Happy, Though Married," contributes a paper to this number called "How to be Happy, Though Single." A Rural Paradise for London," is described by F. A. Holmes, who is followed by the "Family Doctor," who tells us how to prepare food for invalids. A story in two chapters, "Twice Dead," follows this, and then we have a practical paper on "Economical Dressing." Geo. Weatherly contributes a Christ-picture which has the frontispiece for its illustration. An interesting paper describes the "English Parcels' Post." There are some admirable hints on "Artistic Furnishing," the usual useful letters on the fashions of the month, together with a "Gatherer," stored with facts and more stories, poetry and pictures. Cassell & Company, limited, New York.

THE first Presbyterian Church, of New York, which has existed for more than 100 years without any other musical instrument in it than a precentor's tuning fork, has at last yielded to the demands of its younger members and will purchase a $10,000 organ.

You Can't Read This

without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

A Lawyer's Letter.

BY HENRY FRITH.

IT WAS a glorious May morning, and the sun shone brilliantly into the small breakfast-room at Deasley Vicarage, turning the yellow hair of the Vicar's children into gold. They were a pretty little group. According to the village folks, "The Parson's children be rare pretty, but there be tew many on 'em."

The Vicar himself, the Rev. John Clare, now reading his letters, was a tall, grey, rather worn-looking man, with a countenance of rare kindliness and gentleness, but with a look of weakness and irresolution, which partially explained the reason of his non-success in life.

A man of good family, he had married the daughter of the house in which he had lived as tutor, and at that time was thought a man of great promise. But he let opportunity after opportunity slip by, and was now Vicar of this little moorland village, with barely $1000 a year upon which to bring up eight children.

The wife, seated opposite him had been a beauty, and was still a comely woman, a resolute dame, too, with an authority of manner which seemed out of place in the little Vicarage. A good mother, with her children's interest at heart, she was just a little soured by the utter want of opportunity and means to advance them in the world to which, by their parents' natural position, they really belonged.

The eldest daughter, Alice, sat near her father, attending diligently to the wants of the younger fry—a beautiful girl of very graceful presence, fair with a brilliant fairness, and with a face so sweet that it was no wonder young Dr. Stanley, who had taken the old medical man's practice, had loved her from the time he first saw her in the little village church a year ago.

It would be a fair match, and was tacitly encouraged by the mother, although with a certain soreness of feeling that her lovely child could perhaps have done so much better had circumstances been different.

The Vicar read diligently, until, opening a legal-looking epistle, he exclaimed—

"My dear, listen!"

"206, Ely Place, City.

"SIR,—We regret to announce the death of our client, the late Miss Anne Jemima Skinpenny, who expired on the 24th inst. By a will executed by us, and dated January 14th, 1867, you are named sole executor, and with the exception of a few trifling legacies, residuary legatee. Awaiting your instructions, we remain faithfully yours,

"KATCHUM, KEEPUM AND KATCHUM."

Now, Miss Skinpenny had been the Vicar's aunt; and was supposed to be a very wealthy woman.

"Poor Aunt Anne!" said Mr. Clare. "Perhaps I ought to have been more indulgent to her infirmities and more attentive to her. I remember her giving me five shillings on one occasion on my returning to school."

"If you had, she would never have left you a penny," said the Vicaress, decidedly.

"Well, perhaps not," sighed her husband, helping himself to another egg. He felt he could afford it this morning.

In truth, Miss Skinpenny had been as avaricious and morose a woman as ever left a fortune to the member of the family who least expected it.

In the midst of the almost breathless silence which the great news had evoked, the baby, feeling himself neglected, put the butter-knife into the corner of his eye, and thereby created a diversion: and the Vicar, rising, remarked—

"I suppose, my dear, I had better start for town and obtain particulars. It is a great change, and I trust we may be enabled to use the money wisely and not altogether selfishly."

This little speech was indicative of a feeling that he ought to improve the occasion.

The Vicar was no sooner fairly off to the station, accompanied by an old black bag that had seen much service, than his wife sat down to think.

First of all, the boys must go to a good school, and Ethel must have a proper governess. She was a perfect tom-boy. Then there was Alice. She should never marry an obscure country practitioner now. How fortunate that there was no engagement! Aunt Skinpenny's fortune had never been estimated at less than $1,000,000, and that suggested vast possibilities. What might not a season in London do?

As she mused thus, Alice entered.

"Oh, mamma, dear, is not this glorious? Of course, I am sorry about poor Aunt Skinpenny, but you know we never saw her. I almost wonder that, as she has left papa so much now, she did not do a little for him before; but, as Dr. Stanley says, we should not judge people too hardly, for we really know very little of their true motives and circumstances."

"Ah!" said her mother sharply, "Of course, all that nonsense between you and the Doctor must cease now."

"Nonsense, mamma!" said Alice turning very pale.

"Yes, nonsense, my dear. He has not said anything, has he?"

"No, mamma, not yet; but I thought you liked him so much."

"So I do, my dear; but of course now, Alice, everything is changed. We shall take our true position. Oh, my child, it is a joy to me that I can now present my daughter to my family and my old friends."

And she kissed her child fondly; but Alice left the room quietly and feeling very sad.

Was this to be the outcome of that letter—the letter that had filled them with such joy? She fancied it had brought such freedom from care, from the constant small worries of an insufficient income, as well as the larger wants of gentle people whose income was limited to the wages of an artisan.

But not separation from the man she loved—the young doctor whom she respected as well as loved, for she had seen him in the cottages of her father's poor parishioners, lavishing as much trouble, time, skill and energy on a poor laboring man or sick child as if the gratitude and remuneration of a great noble's family had been laid at his feet.

Alice knew her mother's strong will and her own timidity of character, and was aware that these, combined with her sense of filial obedience, made her almost a child in her hands.

* * * * *

The days have passed since the Vicar left home, and he has wired that the dog-cart is to meet him this evening.

Mean while his daughter has passed three very unhappy days. She had met her lover in the village, and he had shaken hands warmly, saying—

"Your mother has told me the good news, Miss Alice, and I congratulate you most heartily."

But the alteration of manner was very perceptible, and Alice's heart sank.

Her mother had evidently made him understand that his attentions were no longer desired.

Alice looked forward to the return of her father with delight, for he tenderly loved his children, and she depended greatly on his sympathy, although she had little faith in his influence.

But help was coming from an unexpected quarter.

* * * * *

When the Vicar was fairly at home and comfortably seated in his easy chair with his slippers on, his wife remarked—

"John, I have ordered suitable mourning for the children and myself; of course you would wish that."

"Yes, my dear, yes," said the Vicar, nervously; "but I am afraid you will be disappointed at what I have to tell you; it was a shock to me at first. The fact is Aunt Skinpenny made a later will, executed only six months ago."

"And left you nothing?" said Mrs. Clare, who was deadly pale.

"Not exactly. She has left me $50,000; the rest of the property goes to the Mission for the Conversion of the Flat Head and Maida Mahla Indians."

At this moment the servant entering said—

"Dr. Stanley to see you, sir, if you please," and ushered in the Doctor.

"I am very sorry to trouble you to-night, sir; but Betty Jones is very anxious that you should christen her baby. I do not think he will last the night."

"Certainly. I will go at once;" and the good man bustled off.

The Doctor however was rather pressed to remain, and on his leaving the Vicaress said, warmly—

"Good-bye. Come to-morrow and let us know how the baby is. I am sorry for poor Betty, it is her last child. Alice, open the garden-gate for the Doctor."

* * * * * *

Although the loss of the fortune was a sore disappointment, still $50,000 was not to be despised.

It put the boys forward in life, and they have all done well; but the son of whom Mrs. Clare is most proud is the husband of her daughter; for Sir George Stanley is not only one of the best surgeons of his day, but he is a keen politician, an authority on all matters relating to sanitary reform, and greatly interested in all things affecting the welfare of his poorer fellow-citizens.

Alice is now Lady Stanley, though she little dreamed of such a future when she married; but in the midst of her prosperous life she sometimes wonders whether her happiness was not once nearly wrecked by that famous lawyer's letter.

NOVEMBER MARRIAGES.—Of the twelve months in the year November is reckoned in certain villages in Holland to be by far the most important. The four Sundays of this month are known respectively as Review Sunday, Decision Sunday, Purchase Sunday, and Possession Sunday, names which sufficiently explain the purposes to which each is put by the young people. On Review Sunday the unmarried girls and young men after the morning services walk up and down staring at one another to their hearts' content. Having made up their minds whom to select on the following Sunday, the youths with the politest of bows imaginable salute the fair ones, and judge from the way in which their courtesy is responded to whether success or defeat is to be their lot. The third Sunday is devoted to the less romantic task of obtaining the consent of the parents, and arranging in businesslike fashion the details of the marriage settlement. The stern hearts of those in authority having been satisfactorily subdued, all the following week the parson is busy at marrying, but not until possession Sunday comes round are the happy betrothed permitted more than an affectionate gaze, or at most a tender squeeze of the hand.

A MAN who imagined himself a telephone and who has been trying for a year to shout "Hello!" in his own ear, was sent to an asylum at Flatbush, L. I.

SOCIETY is toying with a new invention. This is a photographic watch. The operator takes out his or her watch from the pocket, opens it by means of a spring, and pretends to look at the time. At this instant a miniature camera shoots up for a moment, closes again and the portrait is taken. The sensitive plates for this camera are miniature dry ones, and a stock can be carried by the operator in a specially-prepared locket attached to the watch chain. These plates are afterwards developed.

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

Convincing Verification of Widecast Public Statements.

To the readers of THE POST:

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our largest patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a *permanent conviction* in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly *increasing*. Three years ago we stated that a *marked check* had been given it.

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders *did not increase* over the previous years; other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim *credit for checking* these ravages.

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years *all careful life insurance* companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day *millions of dollars in risks are refused*, because chemical examination discovers *unsuspected* diseases of the kidneys.

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption, and insanity; over *half* the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys.

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was *not the cause* of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood.

"If the doctors would state in official reports the *original* cause of death, the people of this country would be alarmed, yea, nearly *panic stricken*, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to *justify the claims that they have made*, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many *different* diseases because it and it *alone*, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it *cured our senior proprietor, who was given up by doctors as incurable*, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our *claims*, and to their *public and universal verification* with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

Humorous.

COLD WEATHER RULES.

In frosty weather, when it snows,
For breathing you must use your nows,
And not your mouth, which you must close.

For through the space that holds your tongue
The cold air rushing on the longue
Pneumonia makes for old and younge.

When warm, avoid a sudden draught,
Or you, in spite of doctor's craught,
May sleep beneath a marble shaught.

Use all-wool underwear. You'll sweat
Sometimes; but, then, you'll never get
A cold, for wool stays warm when weat.

Don't hug the stove, and make your blood
Inactive and as thick as mood,
Or you'll be nipped off in the bood.

Always keep your feet warm and dry,
Unless, insured, you want to dy,
And seek a better home on hy.

When winds are cutting like a knife,
And whistle round you like a kife,
Button your coat and save your klife.

Don't take hot drinks to loosen phlegm;
It's better to dispense with thegm,
And thus the tide of drinking stegm.

If ears or nose or hands are numb,
Rub snow on thi they tingle sumb,
Or else they frozen may becumb.

In case the weather gets too rough,
Just crawl within a large-sized mough,
And sleep till spring's winds sough.

—U. N. None.

Earthquake shocks remind us that we all have to live on a crust.

The fellow whose head was turned was a wooden-head, of course.

A man has a watch which, he says, has gained enough to pay for itself in six months.

The small boy learning the alphabet is much like the postage stamp—he often gets stuck on a letter.

"Is it wrong to toast an enemy?" asks a contemporary. No, there is nothing wrong about it; but why not boil him?

We should like to see the man who predicted an open winter because of certain habits of a few miserable muskrats.

It is said that hundreds of London doctors do not make a living. Then, too, they interfere with other people's living.

Ticket collector: "You don't expect those boys to travel on one ticket?" Fond mother: "Of course I do. It's a twin."

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, as the bookkeeper remarked when he adopted his employer's autograph.

It is generally supposed that when a fellow wins the love of a girl he has her confidence. Per contra, it is a case of downright Miss trust.

"Did your husband die intestate?" asked a lawyer of a woman in a probate suit. "No," she said, bridling up, "he died in his own house in the village."

A correspondent wants to know "how human skin can be tanned." He must have been a remarkably good boy when he went to school not to have learned that.

The fact that "Hannibal Hamlin has not worn an overcoat for forty years" is deemed worthy of newspaper comment. It is not strange, though. No overcoat will wear that long.

Professor, to student who appears at recitation with a black eye: "Ha! Liquor?" Student: "No; water." Professor: "Water?" Student: "Yes; frozen water. Slipped on the ice and fell."

"A man can get nothing without labor," said a woman to a tramp who declined to saw some wood in exchange for a dinner. "I know better than that," he replied, as he turned away; "he can get hungry."

"Your arguments are sound, my son, and delivered with force," said a clergyman to his son, who had been banging away at a drum for an hour or more; "but we have heard quite enough on that head."

No people are so apt to lapse into forgetfulness of their proper duty as young folks who are courting. A youth and maiden will sit together in a parlor till twelve o'clock, and unless the old man upstairs reminds them, never once think of the "great question of the hour."

One of those unkind, plain-spoken beings we meet now and again, said of a certain fair vocalist remarkable for her capacity of mouth: "She certainly sings in good time and tune, but then it would be somewhat peculiar if she did not, considering how near her mouth is to her ears."

A Chinese Sunday-school in Boston has the support of a lady, who visited one of its members the other day and learned that he was gratified with it. In her anxiety to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the school upon him, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, si," came the convincing response; "washee fol le whole congregation."

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HOMEOPATHIC

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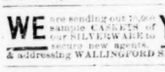
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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to have of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Les Glycines is the name given to a new broche silk of unusual beauty, to make skirts or trains for the ball dresses of young married ladies.

The ground is a rich French faille of a pale green-blue; on it are groups of long slender leaves like those of the acacia, beautifully represented in shaded plush, shading from the darkest brown to the palest gold.

The rest of the toilette is of plain French faille to match. The plain forms the pleated skirt, which is lightly draped across with bands of plush ribbons in various shades, recalling the broche leaves on the train.

The corsage is of the plain with a broche panel let into the front, which part comprises a group of the plush leaves.

As an evening material crepe de Chine, plain and figured, holds the first place. To look through a quantity of these lovely fabrics is most enticing, they being in the most delicate shades of the newer colors.

A toilette is of pekin and plain crepe de Chine of a pale salmon shade. The skirt has broad stripes of crepe de Chine and satin, a long pointed tablier of the plain material being richly pleated and draped with satin bows. The low-necked, sleeveless bodice is of the pekin, supplied in front with a gauged satin plastron.

Equally handsome is a pekin of the palest shade of old violet, a color which is as beautiful in its lighter shades as in dark woolens and silks for out-door wear; it has replaced mauve or violet, and yet, even in its palest shades, has a sombreness which quite distinguishes it from peach, and has won it the name "old" violet.

The above mentioned pekin has a very wide stripe of crepe de Chine, and then three-inch wide satin stripes. It forms the full long tunic over a skirt of satin to match, which is simply pleated.

The bodice is very pretty, being full, made of the pekin, the full draped fronts being crossed on the bust, leaving the neck bare between the crossed draperies. A pointed corselet of satin is laced in front, and completes the bodice.

Crepe de Chine damasse is a new material for evening wear, which is employed principally for draperies. One example is in a very pale apricot, covered all over with a beautifully raised damask-like pattern, without losing its natural suppleness in the least. For young ladies' ball toilettes this is unrivalled, and it vies with silk muslins, because, if more expensive, it is also more beautiful.

Crepe de Chine double is a thicker material but is no less soft, and it is usually figured with elaborate raised silk patterns. It is very effective in a new shade of pale gray-green for matrons' ball and evening toilettes.

As to silk muslins, it is the rage for ball dresses, either plain, pekin or embroidered. A new variety is the pekin muslin *gaze*, that is, besides the satin, silk, or thicker muslin stripe, there is a chain stitch in silk cord forming a second series of stripes. This cord is very fashionable, not only on muslins, but on all varieties of woolen fabrics.

Many woolen panels specially prepared are striped in no other way than by a series of these cords or chain-stitches grouped in different ways. The cord stripe is a feature in the novelties.

In panels it is still cord, but in muslins it is very supple, and hardly detracts at all from the drapeable qualities of the fabric.

Faconne silks are in every color or shade of color; for evening wear they are preferred to plain silks, which are mostly employed to make up with a second material, or with faconne silk to match.

A Nile-green French faille has a superb faconne silk to combine with it, figured with the well-known palm-pattern in large size, which can either be employed for the train or as skirt panels.

All rich faconne or broche fabrics can of course be utilized as panels, but if the train be of it, a panel of the same is not required. These rich panels, therefore, are mostly seen on round skirts.

Feuille de Chene is a superb faconne pekin, 27 inches wide, the centre of which (indeed the greater part of the whole width) is taken up by a splendid stripe of leaves and tendrils on a ground of French faille, the outline of the stripe being not defined, but having the irregular edge supplied by leaves and tendrils.

This makes a splendid skirt panel for a toilette of the plain French faille, and in white would form an unrivalled bridal toilette, supplying train and plastron, the rest of the toilette being of plain white French faille.

A young lady's dinner dress has a skirt of white French faille, with a straight panel of the feuille de Chene on the left towards the front, the upper part being hidden beneath a small silk puff. A long tablier of the plain silk hangs in front and on the right, draped on the hips to produce a corresponding puff.

The corsage has a square-cut neck with small plastron below the faconne stripe, the elbow sleeves being finished with a parement of the same.

Plaids have decidedly taken a new lease of life, but they are of a different style to their predecessors. Bright colors are shunned, and only quiet, easily combined colors are permissible.

There is another thing, the whole dress is not of plaid; it is employed solely for the tunic, the corsage and skirt being of a different material.

The style has arisen possibly from the effects of economy seekers, who strove to drape a plaid shawl around a plain princess dress of some self color. Hence the tunic is very long and large, and is generally beautifully draped.

The Damocles is a kind of ornamental serge with plaid to match. If the plain is navy-blue the plaid has large squares in alternate lines, alternately blue entire and blue crossed with buff, and buff crossed with blue. The squares are divided from each other by triple tufted lines of coarse blue wool, darned on a buff ground. The pleated skirt is of the plain navy, the tunic being of plaid, very long, and open up the right side almost to the waist.

The corsage with very short basques is of the navy material, with full front ornamented on the left with a blue velvet revers. The collar and paraments are of blue velvet.

A pleated skirt of a kind of woolen etamine, very close and warm, has a graceful tablier and back drapery of plaid, the same brown ground chequered into large squares by cross lines of navy, red, pale green and pale blue lines forming wide cross stripes. The tunic conceals the skirt on the right, but is draped up to form a rounded tablier on the left.

Instead of a brown etamine corsage, a doubled-breasted jacket is worn of handsome striped brown cloth, the fronts fastened diagonally from the left shoulder. The short added basques are trimmed with cloth pockets, the collar and paraments being of brown plush.

A third model is equally elegant, the skirt being of navy Margot—a kind of serge closely striped with a chain-stitch or cord of the same color. The skirt is nearly concealed by an elegant draped tunic of navy serge chequered with cardinal.

The jacket is of Margot serge, closing up the front with rich navy brandenburghs. The collar is of plain Margot, and in place of a parement there is a handsome design of cord on the sleeves. The basques are cut up at the sides and at the back to fit well over the drapery.

Boissy is a new style of woolen, to form complete toilettes, with just a little plush to match for collar, plastron, and paraments. It is a kind of woolen ottoman spotted with tiny cubes of a different color—cardinal cubes on navy, buff and pale brown on serpent-green, chocolate, acajou and old violet, etc. When the color of the cube is not too light, the plush on the corsage can match it; a plush panel is frequently added to the skirt.

A very elegant woolen material is Maitre Ambros, which has very narrow cashmere pattern stripes in two colors, or rather two prevailing colors, for, like cashmere patterns, several colors are introduced. These stripes are separated by narrow tufted stripes alternately in two colors, the tufts being alternately frise and cut velvet in each stripe. The principal use of this material is for trimming—to form wide bands to edge a skirt or tunic, or to form plastron, collar, and paraments on sombre woolen costumes.

A great deal of fur is being used for dress trimmings on the skirt and polonaise for walking costumes as in the following toilette:

A skirt of steel gray broche is edged with a wide band of gray fur. The polonaise is of gray cloth, closing diagonally in front, where it is edged with fur, which also encircles the neck. The cuffs are of fur, and a fur band trims the left side of the back drapery, which falls in a straight line to the edge of the skirt. This dress was lately worn at a fashionable wedding, the fur being skunk, and the polonaise heliotrope cloth.

Odds and Ends.

USING UP COLD MUTTON.

Perhaps there is no article of diet which presents so perplexing a problem to the young housekeeper as the cold mutton. Her husband may have no objection to hot, roast, or boiled mutton, or to a dish of mutton cutlets; but when it comes to cold mutton, as it must sometimes in a small *menage*, he either grumbles or dines at a *cafe* or at his Club, or bewails the incapacity of cooks, who can never manage to dish up a few "pretty little tiny kickshaws" out of the remains of the roast leg or loin. There is no reason why this reproach should not be removed, and, therefore, we suggest two or three toothsome dishes of which cold mutton forms the basis.

Barbecued Mutton.—Fry slices of cold mutton in a little bacon fat. Remove to a hot dish when done, and add to the gravy in the frying-pan two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one saltspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, and pepper and salt to taste. Then pour this over the slices of mutton.

This is delicious; and here are two or three other preparations of the despised viand that are delightful for supper or luncheon.

Mutton Pie.—Slice the mutton, and lay it in a pie dish with three hard boiled eggs, cut in quarters, and plenty of highly seasoned gravy. Make a nice light crust, and cut it in rounds with the top of a wine-glass, lay them over so that they just touch, but leave open spaces between. Bake this in a quick oven.

Mutton Cache.—Cut cold mutton into thin slices, and lay them in the bottom of a shallow buttered pie-dish. Salt and pepper lightly and dot with bits of current jelly. Moisten with some good gravy. Over the top spread a crust of boiled rice, worked up with a teaspoonful of melted butter, pepper and salt and a beaten egg. Bake covered for fifteen minutes in a moderate oven; uncover and brown lightly.

Baked Mince.—Fill a small pie-dish one-third full of mashed potato, into which has been worked a little milk and butter. Set in the oven long enough to brown lightly; draw to the door of the oven and fill with mutton and a few mushrooms chopped very fine, and well seasoned. Pour over this as much gravy as the dish will hold without running over, and put back in the oven until the gravy is almost boiling.

Mutton Rechauffe.—From a cold roast or boiled leg of mutton cut slices about an eighth of an inch thick. Have ready an egg beaten light, and stir into it a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Dip each slice in this, then roll in bread-crumbs and fry quickly. Serve very hot and garnish with fried potatoes. Or make a mound of mashed potato in the middle of the dish, and arrange the slices of mutton nicely about it.

But there are other ways of cooking mutton in the first place than mere boiling or roasting. Here are a few of them:

Stewed Chops.—Heat to boiling a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan. Lay the chops in this just long enough to brown them very lightly. This done, put them into a saucepan with about water enough to half cover them. Stew gently until tender. Take out the chops, place in a hot dish, cool the gravy and remove the fat. Heat the skimmed gravy to boiling, thicken with browned flour, pepper and salt to taste, and just before taking from the fire, add the juice of half a lemon and a couple of tablespoonfuls of port, sherry, or any white Rhine wine.

Mutton Cutlets au Fromage.—Two pounds of cutlets taken from near the neck and cut not more than half an inch thick. Two beaten eggs, half a cup of very fine bread-crumbs, the same of grated cheese, and four tomatoes. Trim all fat from the cutlets, dip them in the beaten eggs, and then into the bread-crumbs and cheese. Drop into boiling lard or dripping, and fry quickly to a nice light brown. Stew the tomatoes with half an onion, rub through a colander, season, return to the fire, thicken with a little browned flour, and pour over the cutlets.

Irish Stew.—Three pounds of lean mutton cut into pieces not more than two inches square. Stew the meat gently in enough cold water to cover it until it is tender; remove from the fire, strain off the gravy and set it in a cool place to allow the fat to rise to the top. Skim off every particle of this, and return the gravy to the stove; season it to taste with a little chopped onion and herbs, and put the meat into it, together with a dozen potatoes that have been parboiled and sliced; cook fifteen minutes, and serve very hot.

The only form in which most of us know shoulder of mutton is roasted, and with onion sauce. But here is a nice change, which may be called

Braised Mutton.—Have the bones removed from the shoulder by the butcher; lay the meat flat, spread it with force-meat made of chopped bacon, bread-crumbs, a very little minced onion, and a small allowance of thyme and sweet marjoram. Moisten the mixture with a couple of teaspoonfuls of ketchup or Worcestershire sauce. Roll the meat tightly, secure it with strings, and put it over the fire in a stew-pan. Pour over it two cupfuls of boiling water, cover closely, and cook slowly for two hours, turning it once. When tender place in a dish and keep hot. Cool the gravy by setting it in cold water, remove the fat, return to the fire, and thicken with browned flour. Add pepper and salt to taste, and a cupful of tomatoes stewed soft and rubbed through a colander. Boil up once, and pour over the mutton.

No one can possibly sink if the head is thrust entirely under water, and in this position a novice can swim easily, by lifting the head at intervals for breath.

Confidential Correspondents.

ANXIOUS.—Your friend is apparently rather shy. He does not seem to be exactly in love with you as yet, although very nearly so.

VALLEY.—The chief bridesmaid holds the bride's handkerchief, glove, etc., when it is necessary during the ceremony. 2. The cake is cut by the bride at the wedding breakfast.

WIDOW.—Do not heed any venomous tittle-tattle about your daughter's suitor. Keep your eye on him, and never mind gossip, but judge yourself. The scandal-mongers are probably jealous.

J. J.—It would be indiscreet for you to do so. A young lady should be very careful about giving her photograph to anybody outside of the circle of her relatives and most intimate friends.

BOTHERED.—At the tender age of sixteen, you are too young to think about failing in love, and we should advise you to ask the young man to keep his distance. You ought to find no difficulty in letting him see that you are what your pseudonym indicates.

ADEN.—The meaning of *Per charitatem Spiritus servite invicem* is "Serve one another for the love of the Spirit." *Certum pete finem* means "Strive after a definite end." *Gluck auf dem Weg!* is German for "Good luck on the way!"—"on your journey," that is.

INQUISITOR.—Goethe is pronounced as "Gu-ty." The "a" having the sound of "a" in "fate." 2. Shakspeare of times past, and Tennyson—in our judgment—the greatest English poet of the present. Of course, in this judgment, we do not include the poets of America.

L. P.—A dozen years ago there was such a mania for making collections of stamps that price lists and catalogues were issued by many large establishments; but the rage for stamp-collecting soon passed, and the traffic in them has run down so low that we know of no one who now issues price lists.

F. A.—Your father cannot be obdurate for long. He is silly to stand in the way of a good and clever young man. Use a little tact, and you may bring your parent round to right views. Considering the state of the marriage-market, he must be a silly person if he debars you from marrying a prosperous, laudable man whom you love.

J. RICHARD.—If a mortgagee exercise his power of sale, and the property fail to realise the whole of the sum due for principal, interest, and costs, he must bear the loss, as the law will not allow him to bring an action against the mortgagor to recover the difference. He loses his right to do this the moment he renders himself unable to restore the mortgaged property to the mortgagor.

DEKAMER.—Your day-dreams will do you no harm. A man must have an innocent mind if he can deliver himself over to dreaming, and, so long as you do not neglect your work, the poetic flight will be harmless. If you marry, you will have to face hard work and stern reality. There will be no time for day-dreams then. All men of ability are given to your habit of reverie; it removes the sharper tussles of life.

READER.—The phrase "At Smith's" may mean either at his shop or at his private house; the connection in which the words are used must show the meaning intended. As a rule, it would be more respectful to prefix "Mr." when speaking of either the private house or place of business, but you are right in arguing that the omission of the "Mr." might be construed into a compliment to Mr. Smith's importance in the business community, on the principle that we do not speak of Mr. George Washington or of Mr. John Milton.

GUY.—It is useless for you to think of getting an appointment as correspondent for "a local daily" or any other newspaper. You are right in supposing that you have "too" have an agreement with the editor of the paper before your letters go by the railway;" "but to get such an agreement you must write to the head editor, and if you were to tell him, as you tell us, that you want to know "the best way 'too' report," he would hardly feel inclined to engage you at any price. When you have learnt to spell words of one syllable, and to write decent English, apply again.

STUDENT.—Cinchona bark was discovered in this way. A Peruvian Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a pool as incurable, he unwarily drank copious draughts of the water, which having imbibed the properties of the bark floating in large quantities upon it, speedily dispelled his fever. He returned and told his friends, who, being acute enough to detect something uncommon in the affair of the drinking, immediately sent all their sick to the place, and the most of them were relieved. It was at first thought that the water was holy, but the remarkable taste betrayed the secret, and some time afterwards the Jesuits brought the bark to Italy, where it attained a high repute.

F. HAMILTON.—The principle of the Leyden jar was discovered at Leyden, in 1745, by Musschenbroek, and in the same year the discovery was made by Von Kleist. The jar is of glass, coated both inside and out with tinfoil for about four-fifths of its height. The mouth is closed by a cork, through which passes a metallic rod, terminating above in a knob, and connected below with the inner coating either by a chain or by pieces of tinfoil, with which the jar is filled. If the inner coating be connected with an electrical machine, and the outer coating with the earth, the former acquires a positive and the latter a negative charge. On connecting them together, by means of a metallic discharger with non-conducting handles, a spark is obtained. In 1746, Gralath, in Germany, contrived the electric battery by combining a series of jars.

DISHED.—This correspondent states the following instance of a "snatch," for our opinion:—"In a weekly paper a person advertised thus: 'For the small sum of twenty-five cents the advertiser is prepared to effect a permanent change in the color of an alcoholic nose.' The money was sent to the advertiser as per advertisement, and the receipt applicant got for it was this—viz., 'Continue drinking alcoholic drinks, and your nose will eventually turn from a red to a nice fine blue.' Now what I want to know is this: Would the person who advertised like that be liable to prosecution for fraud?"—This is a trap into which no person of ordinary intelligence would be likely to fall, and affords a good example of the easy way in which people are taken in. There is no such false pretence or fraud as would ensure a conviction if a prosecution were instituted. We will give you a recipe for an "alcoholic nose" for nothing: "Give up the alcohol, and the nose will resume its pristine beauty."